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MME. LALLIE CHARLES.

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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* * With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition, and including a table giving the mechanical details of the Cars exhibited and a plan of the Stands.

SPORTING RIGHTS & RURAL PROSPERITY.

AT the Surveyors' Institution the other night Mr. Howard Martin delivered an address on this subject that must have surprised those who had not bestowed any previous thought upon it. The subject is one on which it is common to waste much argument that consists merely of generalities. It is so easy to say, on the one hand, that sport provides labour, and, on the other, that it is a selfish use of land. Mr. Howard Martin, instead of indulging in wide generalities on either side, set about attacking the facts of the case, and left his hearers in great measure to form their own judgment upon them. His method of procedure was to ascertain the views of the leading land agents, managing a large area of land in eighteen counties, from which he excluded Scotland, Ireland and also the English grouse moors. The first point he made was that the return in the rent for sporting rights is at the present day large. Sportsmen of the old school used to consider that for land which had no particular attraction about 3d. an acre was a fair rent; but conditions have changed very much since their time. In the fashionable parts of the Eastern Counties from 4s. to 5s. an acre is a very common rental; and elsewhere Mr. Martin considers that the average is about 1s. 6d. an acre. It would run considerably higher than that, as far as our experience goes, in the shootings lying close round about London. But the lecturer's point was that the rent is but a single source of revenue from sport. He gave an instance of a considerable shooting in the Eastern Counties, where the wages paid to game-keepers, beaters and the other servants of sport amounted to £320 a year for twelve days' shooting. In the parish the population was only 929, and if we subtract from that number the women and children and divide £320 a year among the boys and men, it will be seen that they enjoyed a very considerable addition to their income. He referred to another parish with a population of 1,728, where the wages paid to keepers, beaters, warreners and the like amounted to over £1,000 per annum. In still another case, £1,700 a year was spent on a very large estate in the West of England. Where several considerable properties are together, the benefit will, of course, be so much the greater. There is a district

on the borders of North Wales, where there are fifteen large residences within twelve miles of each other. These are all occupied either by the owners or shooting tenants.

What this means it is easy to see. These families obtain most of their supplies in the neighbourhood, and, therefore, their presence must add very considerably to the prosperity of the local tradesmen. Here, then, are three distinct sources of income drawn from sport: first, the rent; second, the wages paid to assistants; and third, the benefit to local trade. It perhaps may be said of the first that the return goes into the pocket of those who own the land, practically the same class as the sportsmen. But in a great many instances this is not the case. Since the Ground Game Act was passed, it has been an increasingly popular custom among land-owners to hand over the sporting rights to their tenants, so that the struggling farmer receives from his shooting tenant what in many cases is a very welcome supplement to the income he draws otherwise from the land. What we may call the farm shoot is also a very popular one, because there have come into existence of recent years vast numbers of fairly prosperous business men who can afford to take one of these little shoots, in cases where the tenancy of a sporting estate would not at all suit their finances. Another point raised by Mr. Howard Martin was the price obtained for the game. Anti-sportsmen are apt to forget that game is a much-prized article of food, and not only much prized but valuable. Many an invalid or feeble person can derive sustenance from birds such as pheasants, partridges and grouse, when they are not able to take more substantial food, while the hare would be invaluable if it were for nothing else except the popular soup made from it. The mere game then is an important item. On an estate of 6,000 acres in East Anglia, the average yearly bag consisted of 400 pheasants, 1,000 hares and 2,600 partridges. The prices realised for them in the market was about £400. The lecturer mentioned a neighbouring estate, 8,000 acres in extent, where £900 was obtained for the game, including rabbits. These are the broad facts; but there are other considerations which ought not to be left out of view. Many owners of estates make it a custom to send game not only to their poorer tenants, but to the hospitals and other charitable institutions, where these people are nursed and taken care of when they are ill, a benefit that ought not to be omitted from any enumeration of the advantages of sport to the rural population. Nor are there any disadvantages to set against these.

Before the passing of the Ground Game Act, and, in fact, furnishing the chief reason for that measure, there were many complaints from farmers of the extent to which their crops were spoilt or consumed by hares and rabbits. Little has been heard of this since the ground game passed into the hands of the farmers, and though rabbits are probably more numerous in Great Britain to-day than ever they were before, the damage they do appears to excite no indignation. It will very seldom be found that the exercise of sporting rights has any appreciable effect in diminishing rent obtained from land, or in affecting its agricultural value. Mr. Howard Martin said—and his words ought to be noted—that no land capable of being cultivated in any of the counties he had investigated was kept out of cultivation for shooting purposes, and in most cases there was no unsatisfied demand for land. In a few instances he found it to be the case that land which could not be tilled remuneratively was, nevertheless, kept under plough for the sake of its sporting advantages, and this of course must be an undisputed benefit to the rural population. At the end of his lecture he dealt with the very interesting side of sport that is comprised in the word hunting. In the United Kingdom there are about 225 packs of foxhounds and staghounds, and in all about 450 hunting establishments. He calculated that the cost of maintaining the staghounds and foxhounds alone amounted to about half a million per annum excluding the expenses of those who hunted with the pack. The horses, of course, are much more expensive than the packs. Estimating the hunters at 45,000, the expense of keeping them per annum he works out at about £3,150,000. Thus the circulation of money is certainly promoted by sport, and there can be no doubt of the fact that shooting and hunting are modest, but effectual, checks on rural migration. The earth-stopper and the kennel-man, the game-keeper and the rabbit-catcher would have to swell the population of the "great web" if the abolition of sport took away their rural avocations.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Portarlington. Lady Portarlington is the daughter of Mr. George Skelton Yuill, and her marriage to the Earl of Portarlington took place in 1907.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

MR. ASQUITH, in the general opinion, discharged his task at the Lord Mayor's banquet to the satisfaction of men of all parties. His attitude, as defined in the terse and vigorous language usual with him, is practically that of all Englishmen. He repeated and endorsed with his approval the famous passage in the Emperor William's speech at the Guildhall, when he claimed for himself that the governing purpose of his policy was the preservation of the peace of Europe. Great Britain has no other view. It is no interest of hers to stir up enmities and strife among the nations; but, at the same time, the first duty of a Government is to provide for the security of the governed, and Mr. Asquith amply and fully recognised that the strengthening of the Navy is a duty imposed upon us by European conditions at the present moment. We are building ships for defence and not for aggression. Additional point was given to his remarks by an allusion to the fact that only two or three days before the Prime Minister had assisted at the launching of a sixth Dreadnought. The programme for the future was not disclosed at the banquet, but the policy as explained in general terms was that we should go on with our ship-building at a time when business is slacker than usual, so that by one and the same act we may provide work for the otherwise unemployed, and prepare for any emergency that may arise.

If Mr. Pepys had watched the Lord Mayor's Show from one of the windows in Cheapside in 1663, as he did in 1660 and 1663, he would no doubt have been mightily well amused. At the banquet he would not have had to complain, as he did then, that there were "no napkins or change of trenchers"; he would not have had to drink out of "earthen pitchers and wooden dishes," but when he came to see the pageants, we are afraid that he would have continued to think them very silly. It would have given exercise to a pretty wit to describe how Julius Caesar was drawn in his chariot along the Strand, and at intervals blew kisses to such pretty girls as happened to be looking down from windows and balconies. He would have seen a procession of Shakespeare's plays, each of which was labelled "Cymbeline," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," as the case might be, even as a painter, lest the public should doubt the subject of his picture, might write down below it, "This is a cow." The procession of dramatists, with Christopher Marlowe at their head, and the poets, all of whom were labelled in the same way, must have provided the spectators with a kind of amusement that was not designed by those who got up the pageants. The unregenerate, we fear, will long for the old-fashioned procession, while some there are who felt a great compassion for the unhappy City Fathers, compelled to undergo four hours' boredom while being dragged through the crowds.

In Victorien Sardou France has lost one of the greatest playwrights of the age. Perhaps the most amazing thing about him is the long period of activity which he enjoyed. Only last year he produced "La femme des Poisons," and was able to say of it, "This is my seventy-sixth play, and it is not the last." His life was one of almost unceasing production, his first play having been produced when he was only sixteen years of age. Many of his dramas, such as "La Tosca," "Théodora," "Fédora," and "Divorçons," were of European vogue, thanks in part to the brilliant acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. His method of work has often been described. In a famous box he used to accumulate notes,

newspaper cuttings, memoranda of ideas and plans that had come to him, all labelled and placed in orderly fashion, for he was one of those who thought that actual life supplied better plots than the inventions of genius itself. His own story was not lacking in romance. When a poor student he fell sick of typhoid fever in Paris, and was carefully nursed by a young woman, whom he subsequently married out of gratitude. Vigorous, alert, imaginative, his was a personality which was arresting in any and every company.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, while President of the United States of America, has given his friends and foes many questions to argue about. Some of these have been more important, but many of them have had less interest than his use of the word "frazzie." "Beaten to a frazzle" was hailed as a real Americanism. However, research quickly proved that it had a place in the New English Dictionary, and, as a matter of fact, it is a word that has long been in use among Scotch weavers, who originally used it in the form "fraise," and a "fraise" for a thing tattered and worn is still in use. It had only been carried over the Atlantic to reappear in its new form. It is very seldom that grown-up people are able to invent new words; that is a privilege reserved for childhood. Often one who is a mere infant will coin a new word, as did a little boy we have heard of, who, when stung by nettles, said he had "pringed his tail."

The proposal very vigorously put forth in one of the leading American journals that a useful place should be found for ex-Presidents of the United States is deserving of support. It would seem ridiculous in this country that one who had been Prime Minister should, when his term of office expired, go back to the pursuits by which he had risen. It astonished everybody years ago when Mr. Asquith, after having held Cabinet rank, resumed his practice as a barrister; but, of course, things are altogether different in this country. The proposal as regards America is that a pension of something like £5,000 should be given to the ex-President and a place accorded him in the Senate, where his experience of affairs would still be of value to his countrymen. To say nothing of a certain lack of dignity in one, who has been President returning to the Stock Exchange or an editorial chair, it seems to be nothing but sound and good sense that the experience of such a man should be utilised for national purposes. In any but a Republican country the proposal would seem to be the most natural in the world.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SULLY PRUDHOMME.

When she your best beloved dies
Farewells for you are swift and sore,
They bear her hence with closed eyes
And she is gone for evermore.
But I behold my best beloved,—
Who smiles and is no more for me,—
Even as a shade but livelier moved,
More present than a memory.
I lose her thus my whole life through
In one farewell that never dies—
Oh! Death! how ill they buried you
Who have forgot to close your eyes.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

Mr. Hunt raised an important question in the House of Commons on Monday night. He asked what guarantee there was that the meat and cattle killed and shipped in foreign countries for export to Great Britain was not diseased. It cannot be said that the answer returned by Mr. Burns was perfectly satisfactory. The American law requires that meat for export shall be submitted to inspection and passed in accordance with prescribed regulations. A carcass would be condemned if the lungs and liver were affected by tuberculosis, unless it was shown that the lesions were limited to the area mentioned in the regulations. Obviously this does not give full security to the British consumer, as the lungs and liver are not exported, and there would be nothing in the joints to show whether the animal had tuberculosis or not. A wide question is opened by the interrogatory. Considering the amount of foreign and Colonial food consumed in this country, it seems a plain duty on the part of our Government to see that imports are not accepted unless the regulations of the exporting country are satisfactory to this country and also efficiently put into operation.

Some practical instruction is to be derived from the discussion of the Nicholls case in the House of Commons, upon the merits of which it is not desirable to say anything without fuller local knowledge. But there are several points that must strike those who have taken notice of the facts elicited during the argument. A complaint made by Mr. Roberts, for instance, was that whereas the land on Crockham Hill Dairy Farm was now rented at 10s. an acre, the County Council

representatives had asked the applicants to pay at least £2 5s. an acre; but surely land that is not bringing in any larger rent than 10s. an acre in the competitive market is not likely to be adapted for small holdings. It is a rudimentary principle that, to be profitable, intensive culture should be applied only to rich soil. Further, it was a very instructive statement on the part of Sir Edward Strachey that for some other lands £60 an acre had been asked, whereas the price before the Small Holdings Bill was passed was only £10 an acre. Again the comment is inevitable that £10-an-acre land is not at all likely to yield a profit to the small holder. We are very much afraid that some at least of the authorities are applying the Act at random.

The elections on November 9th have left England with one Lady Mayor, Mrs. Garrett Anderson of Aldeburgh. Not much significance attaches to her election, because the family to which she belongs is so dominant in the district, and besides, she and her sister, Mrs. Fawcett, have won an exceptionally honourable place among the leading women workers. The rejection of Miss Dove at High Wycombe is undoubtedly due to the irritation caused by the methods of the Suffragettes. Many who formerly were favourable to the bestowal of votes on women have been led to reconsider their convictions in the light which has been shed upon the question by the conduct of a number of irresponsible young women, who have done far more harm than good to the cause they espoused. Whoever has addressed a public meeting recently and made any allusion to the subject is well aware that the chief thing the Suffragettes have done is to have aroused a wave of bitter hostility to them and their proceedings. They persist in applying the feminine logic to the case, that because there were disturbances when the vote was extended to male householders, therefore the Government will yield to them if they make row enough. Success would have been much more likely to have followed an appeal to reason.

In the Journal of the Marine Biological Association just issued, Mr. L. R. Crawshaw, the Assistant-Director, gives a long account of an interesting experiment in the breeding of salmon in confinement. The work was carried out at the instigation of the Duke of Bedford, who provided the material in the shape of smolts from the Endsleigh Fishery. The questions to be answered were, first, What is the character of the food of salmon while in the sea? And, secondly, What is the period of that sojourn intervening between the smolt and grilse stages? The fish were divided into two batches, and placed in tanks supplied by a running stream of fresh water. Then one batch was transferred to sea-water by gradual stages, occupying about nine days. The second batch was similarly treated, but the process of change was quicker, occupying only three days.

It would seem, however, that this gradual change is unnecessary, since a fish, before the change began, jumped over the partition between the fresh and salt water tanks, and remained in the latter none the worse for the sudden transference. Towards the end of October, after eight months' sojourn in salt water, signs of approaching maturity were apparent, and the fish became sluggish and fed but little. During November they were transferred to fresh water, again by easy stages. Towards the end of the month seven females were spawned, and the rest on December 11th. The fertilised ova were for the most part returned to Endsleigh and hatched successfully. It is to be hoped that this experiment will be repeated, and this time with a control experiment, wherein a number of fish will be kept entirely in fresh water, with a view to the discovery whether spawning can take place without the customary sojourn in salt water. This would reduce these fish to the condition of land-locked salmon, and would possibly throw some light on the evolution theory. That is to say, we might gain a knowledge of facts which would indicate whether this ability to thrive in fresh water was acquired gradually, or otherwise.

The following notes have been sent us by Professor Boulenger, to whom we submitted a snake under circumstances described by himself: "The Editor of COUNTRY LIFE has submitted to me for identification a snake brought into Covent Garden Market in a cargo of bananas that started from Jamaica and stopped at Costa Rica. The snake evidently comes from the latter port, as it belongs to a species of nocturnal tree-snakes (*Leptodira albofusca*) which is common in Central and South America, but does not occur in the West Indies. The *Leptodira* are not dangerous to man, but they are, nevertheless, provided with a poison gland and poison fangs, situated far back in the mouth, by which they paralyse the small prey (mostly lizards and frogs) on which they feed. *Leptodira albofusca* is a snake of very slender form, with a broad, flat head well defined from the neck, and large eyes with vertical pupils. The specimen sent to me is 2½ ft. long, bronzy brown above, with three rows of large darker spots, and pinkish yellow beneath; the iris is copper colour.

"This is not the first example of this kind which has been brought to me from Covent Garden Market, and I have also been shown a perfectly harmless snake from Jamaica (*Dromicus ater*), found in the same condition. Some twenty years ago Professor Cope made a special enquiry into the species of snakes brought to the Philadelphia Market concealed in bunches of bananas, humorously alluding to the coincidence that, since the banana is believed by some to have been the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, serpents should be so frequently concealed in its bunches. In the cases recorded by him there were small boas, *Boa imperator* (a native of Central America), *Epicrates angulifer* (of Cuba), *Ungalia pardalis* (of Jamaica) and a tree-snake, *Leptodira annulata* (probably the same species as the *L. albofusca* mentioned above). And he added that Mr. W. Charrie of San José, Costa Rica, had informed him that six men were killed in one year by the bites of a small arboreal pit-viper (*Lachesis Schlegelii*) living in the banana bunches, which are loaded at the Port of Limon. Since that was written, two of these pit-vipers have been found among bananas in London, and have been exhibited in the Reptile House of our Zoological Gardens."

Only a fortnight ago we were all complaining of the extraordinary heat, and donning summer clothes in October, and now we see such headlines in the paper as "Two Deaths from Cold: 14deg. of Frost," "Curling in Scotland," and so forth. Winter has set in with a rigidity to which for many years we have not been accustomed. Some of the effects have been singular and beautiful. On the country roads one morning this week, when the sun first began to shine from an undimmed sky, the ash leaves fell in showers. No wind was blowing at the time, and the leaves remained in heaps under the boughs from which they came. The result was produced by the shining of the sun after a hard frost. A little earlier in the morning the leaves had been frozen to the trees, stiff and hard, like icicles, and when the sun brought a thaw with it the stems broke and down they came. In one district the foliage passed almost completely away within a space of seven days, and an aspect that had remained that of summer during all the autumn suddenly assumed the bare and ruined appearance of midwinter.

THE PASSING.

Now has the year paid all its golden debt,
Now is the west all barred with purple spires,
Now for a moment, ere the red sun set,
May autumn warm chill hands at winter's fires,
Till comes at last some hour with fingers pale,
Flitting on ghostly feet from tree to tree,
Stooping to lips grown cold, that murmurs "Hail,
So with a kiss have I betrayed thee."

H. H. BASHFORD.

The Natural History Museum has just acquired, through the generosity of Mr. Ruggles Brise, a very remarkable variety of the French partridge. This bird, a male, had the head and throat of a sooty black colour, while the rest of the plumage was of a rich coffee colour, save only a white patch on the breast recalling the horse-shoe of the English partridge. Curiously enough, the characteristic barring of the flank can be seen in this bird, when viewed in certain lights, very faintly indicated. No similar variety has, we believe, ever been recorded, though white specimens have several times been met with.

The paucity of wasps this year, on which we have been congratulating ourselves, is not without its drawbacks. After all, the wasp, to give him his due, is not so bad as he is called. In the eyes of many people, particularly those of the gentler sex, he is a fearsome person who goes humming about very defiantly with a poisoned dagger in his sheath, ready to stab at the slightest provocation. But in sober truth the wasp is a very harmless insect, which will not sting unless in extremities. We have gone into a shed where ripe pears were stored, and found wasps almost covering them, yet have returned unscathed. The wasps also perform many valuable services. They consume rotten and half-rotten fruit and animal refuse which would otherwise taint the air. They also eat those grubs and flies whose prosperity during the past season has been a source of annoyance and danger. There would not have been half so many blue-bottles and daddy-long-legs if the wasp had not been having such a bad time.

The course adopted by Masters of Hounds in many countries of postponing the opening meet of the season for a week was eminently a wise one from every point of view. In the grass countries especially, where the postponement was general, both in England and Ireland, so many cattle were still in the fields, owing to the unusually late growth of plentiful pasture, that hunting could only have been carried on at the risk of considerable injury to farmers. Apart from that, the country was still so "blind" that straight riding would have been too dangerous to attempt, and even as it is, at the delayed date of

opening, fences and their undergrowth are thick with leaf and grass and the ditches often quite concealed.

How singular it is that at this time of day it should be necessary for the Board of Agriculture to inform a correspondent very gravely that the hedgehog does not suck the milk of reclining cows. This superstition has been exploded many thousands of times since its mention in the "New Catalogue of Errors," published 120 years ago by Stephen Fovargue, M.A. Many people have known this so well that they have kept hedgehogs in the garden, knowing that they destroy large numbers of insects and small mammals, including mice, while they have had a use in the kitchen, growing out of their love of a diet of cockroaches. Gamekeepers do not like them because they assert—and the Board of Agriculture adopts their view—that they take the eggs of poultry and game-birds, while they will worry chickens and hens in coops. White of Selborne accused them of destroying plantains; but it has been shown that the destruction of plantains is accomplished by a night-feeding caterpillar which eats the root but not the leaves.

The modern school is not always justified in its too hasty rejection of the wisdom of the ancients. A piece of ancient wisdom is that which sees omens of a winter of much severity in the abundance of the autumnal berries on the hawthorn and the holly. Now the berries for our Christmas decorations are not only numerous this year, they are also uncommonly early.

The present-day young person will, of course, observe with superiority that this is the sure sign and effect of a past condition, not of anything in the future. Admitting that the fine and early berry crop is an evidence of past favours, it is still not impossible that traditional wisdom may be justified in its observation, and that a summer favourable to the berry is usually followed by a winter of severity. In this sense, therefore, it is quite conceivable that the holly berries may be an evidence of future conditions, though they are, of course, a result of the conditions of the past.

It has been well said that for the proper clearing out of the trees of an ornamental plantation the hand of a friend—or, better still, of an enemy—is far more effective than that of the owner. The owner, with a parental joy and pride in his trees, can never harden his heart sufficiently for thinning them as they should be thinned. Be that as it may, one feature in the decorative effect of the foliage is very apt to be neglected both by the owner and his friend, and that is the date at which particular trees make their vernal and autumnal changes. Trees of the same species vary in this respect by as much as a full month, and it may be that this variation may make all the difference to the value of a tree in its particular position—the autumn or the spring hue producing an effect of beauty which its neighbour tree of the same kind misses, just because the latter's tints do not change at the season in which they strike the best note of harmony or contrast with their surroundings. This is a proper subject for study while the autumn tints still persist.

OLD LONDON SHOP FRONTS.

IN some of the old engravings of the chief London streets, such as those by Thomas Malton and others, the small-paned windows of the shops give a special charm to the views. When plate-glass was introduced a great change was made in the appearance of the streets, and soon after the middle of the nineteenth century the small-paned windows were almost driven out of existence. It was long, however, before the immense panes now general came to be used. Window space is so important that shopkeepers cannot be expected to forego the advantages obtained by the large sheets of glass now generally used. At the same time, visible support for the building above the shop windows should be provided. In some instances the superstructure appears to the eye singularly insecure, in spite of our knowledge that iron girders are hidden. Some attempts at a more rational treatment of the shop front have been made lately. In walking through the streets without



IN THE HAYMARKET.



IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

thought of what has been cleared away one would fancy that few remains of the original shop fronts could be found, and yet those who seek for them will find that such are still in evidence even in the principal streets. In the most distinguished thoroughfare in London—viz., St. James's Street—there are two houses with shop fronts of the greatest interest. We have been able to illustrate this article with representations of shops in such important thoroughfares as Cornhill, the Strand, the Haymarket, Coventry Street and St. James's Street. These shops all belong to old-established businesses, and it redounds greatly to the credit of their proprietors that they have retained the old character of their shop fronts.

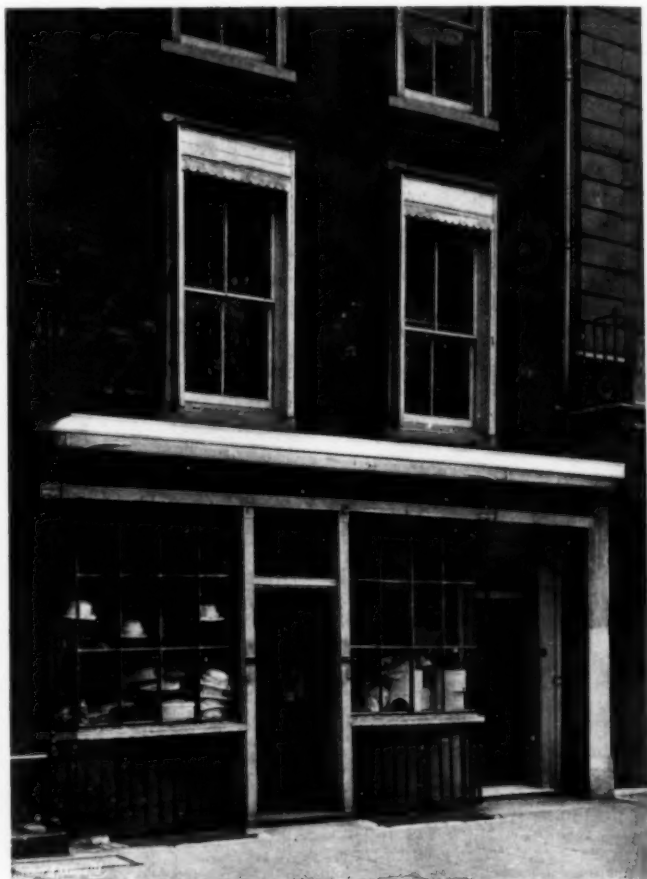
One of the best-known shops in London is "Birch's" at No. 15, Cornhill, situated in the centre of business London and

opposite to the Royal Exchange. It is not merely a quaint, three-windowed shop front, but it is constructed on a beautiful design. This is attributed to the Brothers Adam, and there can be no doubt that the attribution is perfectly correct, for the ornament is clearly and conclusively theirs. The front is painted green, and the place is sometimes known as "the little green shop in Cornhill." Besides the front there is a carved wooden screen in the shop which is also attributed to Robert Adam. The house itself dates back to the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the



OXFORD STREET.

eighteenth century. The founder of this famous firm of pastry-cooks and caterers was Samuel Horton, who took into partnership Lucas Birch. The latter's son was Samuel Birch (born 1757, died 1841), who was a very remarkable man and brought his business into the highest repute. He was also a well-known citizen as Alderman Birch, Sheriff in 1811 and Lord Mayor in 1815. In business he came to be known as "Mr. Patty-pan," and for many years in succession he presented a Twelfth Cake to the reigning Lord Mayor. His literary attainments were considerable, and he wrote several successful dramatic pieces. A skit was written upon him in which a



ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Frenchman is supposed to be astonished at his ubiquity. These four lines are an example of the satire:

Guilddhall at length in sight appears,
An orator is hailed with cheers
"Zat orator, vat is hees name?"
"Birch, the pastrycook—the very same."

The business now belongs to Messrs. Ring and Brymer. The original Ring was apprenticed to Samuel Birch, and succeeded the Alderman on his retirement. The old books of the firm are of great interest; the earliest that has survived is dated 1730. These books contain full accounts of dinners supplied to the chief Livery Companies by this eminent firm of caterers. There are also particulars of the official luncheons at the Old Bailey, which were usually supplied at a loss. The same names occur in the old books as appear in the account books of to-day. One interesting instance is that of Tonbridge School; the firm supplied the feast

at the various visitations and at the anniversary dinner. In 1776 there is an entry of "The maid of the inn, 2s. 6d."

The old shop with its sanded floor and the hooks on which venison was wont to hang, reminds us of the eighteenth century, and the customers of the twentieth century are as eager as their ancestors to enjoy the good fare which is here supplied. The whole of the old house is occupied by the business. On the first floor is the dining-room, where the ever-famous turtle soup is supplied; on the second floor is the ladies' room, and



AT THE CORNER OF THE ADELPHI.

above are the offices; the walls of all these rooms are covered with relics of the past. Formerly the banquets were supplied from Cornhill, but now the catering department has its home in Bunhill Row.

From one Adams' front we will pass to another further West. The interesting house, No. 73, Strand, at the corner of Adam Street, a part of the district known as the Adelphi, was originally occupied by Thomas Becket the bookseller, who afterwards removed to Pall Mall. He owed his position here to the recommendation of his friend Garrick, who wrote to the Brothers Adam in his favour. The letter is printed in Hone's "Every Day Book." Here is an extract:

I forgot to speak to you last Saturday about our friend Becket. We shall all break our hearts if he is not bookseller to the Adelphi and has not the corner house that is to be built. We shall make his shop, as old Jacob Tonson's was formerly, the rendezvous for the first people in England. I have a little selfishness in this request. I never go to coffee-houses, seldom to taverns, and should constantly (if this scheme takes place) be at Becket's at one at noon, and 6 at night, as the monkey used to be punctual in Piccadilly.

The old firm of silversmiths and jewellers—Messrs. Widdowson and Veale—which now occupies this house, was founded by John Salter, who originally occupied No. 35, Strand, and removed to this house shortly after 1814. In the year 1822 it was burnt down and rebuilt. The Adams' design was followed in the rebuilding, but on careful comparison with the other houses it will be seen that there is a very slight departure from the original design. The shop windows are elegant and pleasing to the eye. The smaller one in Adam Street is unaltered, but the lower panes of the others have been slightly enlarged. Salter was succeeded in 1835 by his nephew, Mr. Widdowson, who

Exmouth. The curious picture of the interior of a silversmith's shop is supposed to represent Salter's. It is of great interest as showing in the cases pieces of plate of a design still in use.

We have not yet done with the work of the Brothers Adam, for in the interesting old shop of Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, the tobacconists, No. 34, the Haymarket, there is a fine old carved wood screen, in the centre of which is a carving of



IN CRANBOURN STREET.

the Prince of Wales's feathers alluding to the Prince (afterwards George IV.) who was a customer of the house. This screen is believed to be from the design of the Adams. The house dates back to about the year 1729, and the original front with its rounded shop windows is a very fine example of what was once a common feature of the better houses in the streets of old London. This shop has always been in the possession of the same firm, and the present head of the business is a descendant

on the female side of the original Treyer. The oldest order book commences with the year 1764, but on the first page is written "brought forward from old book." Here the names of many eminent customers are recorded; among these are the Royal Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the Duke of Bridgewater (the founder of British Inland Navigation), the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir John Cust, Speaker of the House of Commons, who died in 1770, Lord Sidmouth, the Earl of Egmont, Lord Crewe, Sir William Watkins Wynn, Sir John Sebright, Sir George Cornwall, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Colonel Stanley, the book-collector, James O'Hara, second Lord Tyrwley, Field-Marshal, and Governor of Portsmouth in 1763, Ambassador to Portugal twice and father of the erratic actress, George Anne Bellamy, and Colonel St. Leger, after whom the famous Doncaster race was named, and whose portrait by Gainsborough, formerly at Hampton Court and now at Windsor Castle, is one of the very finest of the painter's male portraits. Many of the names here mentioned are still to be found on the Messrs. Fribourg's books belonging to the descendants of those recorded in the old accounts. There is also a book of snuffs containing a register of the particular mixture favoured by each customer. Seven pounds of snuff were usually bought at a time, and there were lady customers as well as men, whose names



C. Ellis.

IN CORNHILL.

Copyright.

entered into partnership with Mr. Veale. The present proprietor is Mr. E. C. Ball. The books of the firm contain the names of many distinguished customers, the chief of these being Lord Nelson. He left with Mr. Salter the cocked hat which he wore at the battle of Copenhagen, and this has lately been presented to the United Service Institution. Another distinguished customer was the celebrated Admiral Pellew, afterwards Lord

are given; Queen Caroline and the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne may be mentioned among these ladies. Different snuffs had their respective names, such as Morlaix, Havre, Prince of Wales. Some of these are still to be bought as "Bureau," "Prince's," "Macouba" and "Masulipatam." Among the curiosities preserved by the firm are tobacco-jars, with their labels upon them, which originally belonged to George IV.

Not far from the Haymarket is the fine old shop of Messrs. Lambert, the silversmiths of 10, 11 and 12, Coventry Street, at the corner of Arundell Street. The three houses are joined together, and there is quite a long run of old shop windows in Coventry Street and one window in Arundell Street. The earliest order book begins with the year 1808, but it is not the first. In an old Directory (Kent's) of 1817 we find "Francis Lambert Jeweller and Goldsmith, 12 Coventry Street." For a time the firm was known as Lambert and Rawlings, but William Rawlings died about 1862. Colonel Lambert, F.S.A., a well-known antiquary, was head of the firm till his death a few years ago. On an old business card we read:

By appointment to the Queen [Charlotte], Prince of Wales, the Royal Family, the King and Queen of Denmark, Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Afterwards they received the same appointment to William IV., Queen Adelaide, Duke of Sussex, Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, and now to King Edward VII. The shop is extensive and thoroughly old-fashioned outside and in. The show-cases and table-cases are full of old church plate, second-hand silver of all kinds. Thackeray was fond of haunting these old shops, and was an honoured customer of Messrs. Lambert. He loved to drive a bargain, and not long before his death it is said that he bought a silver bowl and pleaded for a lower price "for the sake of a poor author."

We now pass on to the bottom of St. James's Street. Messrs. Berry, Brothers and Co., wine merchants, at No. 3, is one of the oldest businesses in London, and has occupied this house during the whole time of its eventful history. The house is supposed to date back to the early part of the seventeenth century, the boards of the shop are the original flooring, and the wooden staircase at the back is a fine example of old building, firm as a rock. The old shop front with its fine window and door dates from the reign of Queen Anne. Originally the house next door was included in the front, and then there were four windows with a door in the middle. The business was founded as a grocer's, formerly known as an Italian warehouse. The sign was The Coffee Mill, and the shop is by repute the first in England at which tobacco and tea were sold by the pound. The business appears to have been founded by one Pickering, whose name survives in Pickering Place; he took one, Clarke, into partnership, and they were succeeded by the Brownes. The last Browne was succeeded by his nephew Mr. Berry, the great-grandfather of the present proprietors. The wine-cellars are very extensive, and extend under the courtyard of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, Pickering Place, under the house itself and the pavement of St. James's Street as far as the cab stand in the middle of the road. An important feature of the shop, which has had its partitions taken down, and now occupies the whole floor to the window looking into Pickering Place, is the large balance, with a seat on one side for the accommodation of the person to be weighed in the scales, which are so exquisitely true that a sixpence placed in one side when both are equally balanced will bring that side slowly to the ground. In these scales have been weighed an army of celebrities, and the record of 25,000 weighings is to be found in eighteen ledgers. In these books are signatures of royalties and celebrities innumerable. The later kings of England and France have been weighed here, and Napoleon III., when Prince Louis Napoleon, was a constant visitor. Of some noble houses there are records of the weighing of five or more generations. Beau Brummel's weight is registered from 1798 to 1815. Charles James Fox and Lord Byron have both sat in the scales. At the back of the shop, beyond the old wooden staircase, is the curious octagonal parlour, full of interesting portraits of famous customers of the firm. In this room are also to be seen certain letters of Queen Victoria, written when she was a child, one in 1822, when she was three years old. Three doors north of Messrs. Berry's, at No. 6, St. James's Street, we come upon another interesting old shop front belonging to Messrs. James Lock and Co., hatters. The house dates back to about 1700. A bill exists of the year 1736 headed "Lock, hatter," but the books in the possession of the firm do not go further back than 1760. In Kent's Directory for 1817 we find "Lock and Lincoln, hatters." James Lock, the founder, was succeeded by George James Lock, who continued till about 1797. James and George Lock were proprietors till about 1825. The present firm consists of Mr. C. R. Whitbourn, a descendant of the Locks, and Mr. G. J. Stephenson, grandson of J. Bennie, who was a partner in 1865. In this interesting old shop are portraits of distinguished customers from the eighteenth century. At the back is a charming garden with creepers on the walls, and a most unexpectedly rural view is seen from the window of the back office. There is a house at the end of the garden, with an old medallion of a woman's head, probably of some member of the family, on the front. This is a most unexpected scene for a back-yard in the midst of London streets.

We now turn to the north-east and come to the famous chemist's shop, No. 225, Oxford Street, known all the world over as that of John Bell and Co. It is principally a

dispensing and prescription business, held in the highest esteem by the medical profession. It was founded in the year 1798 by John Bell, almost immediately after the completion of his apprenticeship with Frederick Smith, a chemist in the Haymarket. He was unsuccessful in his first year, and was so despondent as to wish to sell the business, but within two years he was able to pay off the money he had borrowed to establish himself. Bell continued sole partner until 1819, when Thomas Zachary and H. Walduck were admitted to partnership, and the firm then became known as Bell and Co., which name has been continued ever since. In 1836 Jacob Bell and Frederick John Bell, sons of the founder, entered the business. Jacob Bell was elected to Parliament, introduced the Pharmacy Bill of 1852, and did more than any other man to secure the passing of that important Act. He was founder of the Pharmaceutical Society, and for many years the editor of its Journal. He was also known as a prominent collector of pictures, chiefly of the English school. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-nine, in 1859. Thomas Hyde Hills had been employed in the business from his twenty-first birthday, which occurred in 1836, and in 1852 he entered into partnership with Jacob Bell. He was succeeded by Mr. Walter Hills, who continues to be the head of the business. The laboratory has always been one of the chief features of the establishment. This has been depicted in its original and present conditions respectively by two eminent English artists. There is a water-colour drawn by William Hunt, R.A., at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and an etching by R. W. Macbeth, R.A., of its present appearance. There is, in addition to the manufacturing laboratory, an analytical laboratory. This interesting old shop has remained externally in its original condition, and presents a fine example of the old shop fronts of London. Hills Place, to the east of the house, was rebuilt about the year 1860; it was formerly known as Queen Street. There are other old shop fronts like those here described, and there are a multitude of old businesses in London that have histories such as these.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

INDIVIDUALITY is the richest asset that a writer can possess, and this enables Mr. Comyns Carr in his book, *Some Eminent Victorians* (Duckworth), to be fresh and interesting on a theme that appears to be worn threadbare. The title is not one that we consider happy. It suggests an addition to those innumerable studies of the great writers of last century. We expected a bundle of essays on Carlyle, Darwin, Thackeray and so forth, whereas the work is in reality autobiographic, and is a side-light on the Victorian era. The eminent men alluded to in these pages are those with whom Mr. Comyns Carr came personally into contact, and he has that experienced literary skill which enables him to tell only what he knows himself and to avoid all evidence which is merely hearsay. Mr. Comyns Carr has lived close to the heart of literary London. His father was a keen business man, greatly interested in politics, an eager reader and student of literature. He brought up his family in the Manor House on Barnes Common. The children had the grounds of the house to play in and the common lying all around. Mr. Comyns Carr was born in 1849, and "can still remember an elder cousin in his scarlet uniform taking his way across the footpath that leads to Barnes Station, to start for the war in the Crimea." He was educated at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, then conducted by Mr. Arthur Hill, the brother of Sir Rowland Hill and father of that Dr. Birkbeck Hill who in the days of Harwood was a brilliant contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and later on made himself the leading authority on Boswell and his Johnson. Birkbeck recognised and loved the tastes of his young pupil, and endeavoured to get him sent to Cambridge; but the affairs of the family do not seem to have warranted this, and the lad at the early age of sixteen was placed in a stockbroker's office in the City. But the desk had no charms for him, and it is not long before we hear of those first essays in journalism which have been preliminary to so many careers of literary men. Those who know our evening contemporary the *Globe*, a journal which always has had a literary flavour, will be glad to read about the connection of Mr. Comyns Carr with it. It occurred at the time when Dr. Mortimer Granville was editor. Francillon, one of the most genial of novelists, and Purnell, the original "Q." of the *Athenaeum*, formed the little staff which, in an upper room, fashioned the notice which adorned the first page of the newspaper. They also among them did the leader. It was in the days when every leader was expected to be divided into three paragraphs, corresponding to the beginning, the middle and the end of a speech, and often these three writers parcelled out the leader among them—one doing the first paragraph, another the second, and the remaining one the third. Later on Churton Collins also joined the staff of the *Globe*. In those days his memory was remarkable, but it led to much trouble on the *Globe*, for he interlarded his articles with quotations which the sub-editors had not



THE RIPPLING WATER MURMURS ON.

time to verify. From the *Globe* Mr. Comyns Carr went to the *Pall Mall Gazette* while it was still under the directorship of Mr. F. Greenwood, to whom he pays a well-merited tribute, although he describes him as "an autocratic commander whose powerful personality loved to assert itself in every department of his paper." He was also a contributor to the *Saturday Review* under Mr. Harwood's editorship, and chats pleasantly about the famous "Trafalgar" dinners at Greenwich over which Mr. Beresford Hope presided. Mr. Harwood must have offered a very striking contrast to his predecessor, Mr. Douglas Cook, as he was an amiable and sociable man who was devoted to music and did not possess the vivacity and sting of the red-haired Scot who made the *Saturday Review* such a power in the land. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock was the sub-editor, and Carr wrote some of the humorous "middles" which were a feature of the paper at that time. He was also a contributor to the *World* at the time when Edmund Yates was in his zenith. It must be said of Yates that, although the gossiping style of journalism which he introduced was not a very admirable addition to the newspaper, he was one of those editors who had an open eye for merit and was always ready to give young men a chance. Carr himself became in due time the first editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and though he made a beautiful and interesting periodical of it, he just wanted the something that conduces to complete success. In the course of such a career it was inevitable that Mr. Comyns Carr should come into relationship with many of the illustrious men of his day. The favourite maxim of Rossetti was that the noblest picture is the painted poem—an aphorism that made a great gulf between him and the "Art for art's sake school" led by Whistler. Carr was on terms of close friendship with Sir Edward Burn-Jones, whose pictures excited in him an admiration equal to that of Gladstone, who said "dislike of such painter I can understand, but such intolerance of dislike as I find on every hand I do not comprehend." Morris was in the habit of sending little sketches with his letters, and some of those reproduced as illustrations to this volume are charmingly humorous. Of Millais and Leighton, Frederick Walker

and other contemporary artists there is much good talk. Naturally, as an art critic, Mr. Comyns Carr devotes the greater portion of his book to reminiscences connected with artists and the literature of art. But, luckily, his memory is stored with a rich variety of interests, and the chapter on orators is as good as anything in the volume. He gives a very high place to Martineau; but John Bright is evidently, in his mind, the greatest speaker of the Victorian era. Of Gladstone's oratory he said that even in its highest moment it "never to my thinking came within even measurable distance with that of John Bright." But Mr. Gladstone had a wonderful all-round mind which led him to a fine appreciation of those artistic works with which Mr. Comyns Carr has been so much associated. He did not think so much of Lord Beaconsfield in this respect. The manner in which the great Tory Minister went round the exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery shortly after it was opened is very characteristic. He "passed from the work of one great master to another, raising his eye-glass as he went, but displaying by no change of expression either criticism or appreciation, and at the finish he gracefully took his leave with a sentence that seemed to me, as he uttered it, to have been made ready for ultimate use even before he had entered the gallery." At the end, after having looked at the drawings of Titian and Giorgione, of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, "I thank you," he said, "for having been so good as to point out to me the examples of the great masters you admire, but I think for my part I prefer the eclectic school of the Caracci." Mr. Comyns Carr seems to have been under the dominion of the late Mr. Parnell's strong character. In this connection an amusing piece of Cockneyism may be quoted. The author went with Mr. Parnell and Sir George Lewis to Bow Street to apply for a warrant for Mr. Pigott, and says, "I remember, as a comic incident in our brief passage along the Strand, that a little street urchin vending newspapers, who, with the sharpness of the London boy, was already well informed of what had taken place, danced in front of the Irish statesman, and bowing with mock gravity, said: 'Charlie, you've done it nice.'"

YOUNG PETER.

ALTHOUGH we feel it to be our duty to find fault with Young Peter, we all envy him because he seems to have discovered the secret of contentment. While we are worrying about this, that and the other, and incidentally doing our best to prove to Young Peter that he should worry, too, he saunters about among us quite unmoved, unless it be to wonder why we make our lives so complex by undertaking so much unnecessary work. Even the Rector, who does his best to see that each one of us helps to improve the general status of our rustic community, seems disconcerted when he meets Young Peter; and although he often says that something must be done with him, he himself seems disinclined to do that "something," or to suggest to Young Peter the desirability of his doing something for himself. In fact, the complacent Young Peter has a way of making him realise that his activity and industry afford him unbounded amusement. This was especially noticeable on the occasion of our annual flower show. It was a very hot day, and, with the exception of Young Peter, we were all terribly busy. The Rector, with his coat off and a very red face, was bustling about, superintending the arrangement of exhibits and the erection of the bandstand, when he suddenly became conscious that Young Peter was watching him intently, as though he were trying to understand why such simple matters should call for so great a display of energy. In a moment the Rector became confused, forgot how he wished things to be done and puzzled us all by contradictory instructions. He afterwards confessed that it "was all on account of that Young Peter and his Asiatic smile."

No one can call Young Peter a ne'er-do-well, for in the course of a week he not only does many things, but he does them well. Indeed, it is a frequent complaint of those who are anxious about his future, that he makes himself generally useful without revealing the slightest inclination to settle down to any regular occupation. In this he proves himself to be a chip of the old block, for Old Peter, his father, was always proud to say that he was "nobody's man" and his own master. As a mole-catcher, rat-catcher and a market-gardener in a small way, Old Peter contrived to earn enough money to supply his few needs, and since his death his son has shown himself similarly disposed to live the life of a rustic free-lance. When he left school, both the Rector and the schoolmaster were willing to try and find employment for him on one of the farms in the neighbourhood; but they discovered that even at the age of fourteen he was coolly confident of his ability to look after himself. Instead of going to chop swedes for Farmer Greengrass, he stayed at home and made mole-traps, in the making of which he soon became quite an expert. Subsequently he converted a little lean-to shed into a workshop, where he does all kinds of odd jobs when the

humour seizes him; but those who seek him there are more likely to find a litter of half-made traps, bits of wire and trimmed spring-sticks than the workman himself. As a matter of fact, he has little time to spend at home, his outdoor occupations, which he much prefers to indoor work, being numerous and demanding much attention. Once in six months, perhaps, he lies in bed all day; but as a rule he is awake and abroad soon after daybreak, "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" as he goes down to the river to catch a pike for his own dinner or to sell to some farmer at whose house he will call on his way home.

There is hardly a month in the year when he has not some special means of gaining a livelihood, none of which, however, can be described as laborious. In the spring he will gather watercress and in the autumn mushrooms; when the blackberries are ripe he will make a little harvest of them, and occasionally he will visit the small towns in the neighbourhood for the purpose of selling fern-boxes fashioned out of fir cones and bits of bark. If nothing be seen of him for a week or more, no one imagines that ill has befallen him. It is taken for granted that he is in a restless mood and is wandering about the country-side, making the acquaintance of strange footfarers, sleeping perhaps in a Romany's tent or in some shepherd's hut on the Downs, and undoubtedly enjoying himself thoroughly. If in the public kitchen of some out-of-the-way roadside inn there is heard a sound of revelry by night, as likely as not Young Peter is responsible for it; for he has a wide reputation as a singer of merry songs, and wherever he goes he generally finds a rustic audience ready to be entertained.

Young Peter, in all probability, has never heard of "the simple life," though he knows no other and is a consistent exponent of its pleasures and advantages. There is something about his leisurely movements and placid demeanour which makes activity, excitement and laborious striving appear unseemly. His "Asiatic smile," which so disturbs the Rector, is the outward expression of his settled philosophy; it says as plainly as though he spoke the words, "What's the good of worrying about anything? Life is pleasant enough if you don't make trouble. Take things easily. Enjoy yourself while you can and take no thought for the morrow." So he does no more work than he feels disposed to do; idles away many hours which, in other people's opinion, might be profitably occupied, and allows nothing to disturb his cheerful composure. Content with frugal fare and the shabbiest of clothes, he has no difficulty in supplying his few needs. Like another penniless "man of leisure" who has found a biographer, he "has chosen the life that suits him best, free to wander where he will, with no restraint of work or duty." That he can work, and work well,

when he chooses to do so, no one can deny; but the work must always be congenial to him, and if it be something out of the ordinary, so much the better. He has been known to toil hard all day on three successive days, the occasion of this unwonted display of activity being the opening of a large tumulus on a heath near the village. When, however, after much hard digging the delvers discovered nothing more than some crumbling bones and fragments of rudely-shaped pottery, he lost all interest in such excavations, and the opening of two other barrows had to be undertaken without his assistance. The novelty of being able to

help in the packing up of a big balloon which descended in our neighbourhood was also great enough to make him exert himself unusually; but the arrival of a second balloon would be a matter of indifference to him. In reply to a well-wisher, who once remonstrated with him on account of his lack of persistency in everything he undertook, he said: "Tain't my nature to live all my life on a cabbage leaf. I must be moving around and seeing about." In all probability he will spend his life in "moving around and seeing about," and, eventually, he will feel himself fully entitled to an old age pension. W. A. DUTT.

THE ADORNMENT OF THE SWORD.—I.

IN 1876, the eighth year of Meiji—the Enlightened Era—the Imperial Edict went forth that from January 1st, 1877, the wearing of the sword would be a punishable offence. That the proclamation was received without a murmur speaks volumes for the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the Japanese, to a man, had come to welcome the new order of things. It was the signal that the very last remaining threads of the old fabric of Feudalism had snapped. Prior to that time every Japanese gentleman had worn two swords, his father had worn two before him, and his ancestors for generations that went back into hazy antiquity had done likewise. The wearing of the sword was one of the oldest institutions of the land, yet such had been the moral effect of Commodore Perry's ships, the signing of the treaties, the opening of Yokohama, the bombardments of Shimonoseki and Kagoshima, that when the word went forth not a protest was raised, not a blow was struck, not a murmur was heard throughout Japan. It was as if the people were dazed by the rapid sequence of events that, like a strong flood tide, was bearing them along on its bosom, they knew not whither. It had been feared that the samurai would rise in revolt against this



WROUGHT-IRON TSUBA BY IYENORI.

rich mountings, deeming it honourable to suffer for food that he might have a worthy emblem of his rank.—GRIFFIS.

There are no people in the world more conversant with the history, mythology and legends of their country than the Japanese. The ordinary schoolboy in Japan could cover the average English schoolboy with the shame of crushing defeat if it came to a test of each other's knowledge of the history and lore of his native land. This is because history forms one of the principal subjects in the school curriculum, and Japanese history is such a continuous record of incidents of chivalry, self-sacrifice and sterling heroism that their artists have found in it most of the motives by which they have been inspired. The Japanese mythology is as beautiful as that of the ancient Greeks; and the legends

which are woven about every spot and object in the land are so charming and pathetic that the study of them is an inexhaustible feast of high-spirited sentiment and poetic thought of the highest class. Instructed in these fascinating mysteries at his mother's knee, the Japanese boy has seen them, and every episode of history, depicted so often in every phase of art, that as the years passed by they became so interwoven with his life as to seem an integral part of his own existence. Need one wonder, then, that artists so loved to depict their ideals of these things; and that craftsmen, skilled in the art of working in metals, put forth their finest efforts in applying them to the adornment of the sword? The blade; the *tsuba*, or hand-guard; the *kashira*, or cap of the handle; the *fuchi*, or oval ring at the base of the handle; the *menuki*, or small ornaments on either side of the handle (to afford a better grip); the *kodzuka*, or short dagger, fitting into one side of the sword scabbard; the *kogai*, or skewer, fitting into the opposite side (the purpose of which was to be left for identification in the body of the adversary slain); the *kojira*, or ferrule at the bottom of the sheath—all were suitable bases upon which to work, and towards the end of the fifteenth century artists began to pay great attention to building upon these foundations. The *tsuba*, the largest of these pieces, with the exception of the blade, is, to the foreigner, the most interesting. Indeed, there is nothing in the art of the



BY NAGATSUNE: OBERSE.



BY NAGATSUNE: REVERSE.

person than the mighty Iéyasu framed the words. To wear it was the samurai's greatest privilege. Even as a tiny boy at school, struggling with intricacies of the Chinese ideographs, he wore a dirk in his girdle; for was not this the outward and visible sign of the proud, indomitable spirit within, the external badge of the blood so blue that ran in his aristocratic veins? As he grew to man's estate, not only did it serve to protect his life wherever he went—and in a land where the slightest breach of a rigid etiquette might hold a life as forfeit there were times when death lurked in every shadow—but it served to protect what was dearer to him still, the life of his hege lord, and to fight the battles of the Daimio to whom he owed allegiance. Seeing, then, that the weapon of old Japan was looked upon by its owner as his richest possession, and loved by him as his own life, it is but natural in a land where art seems innate in every breast that the sword and its furnishings should have been considered suitable objects for the reception of embellishment in its most highly-skilled forms.

Artists of the highest attainments spared nothing to render it an article of the highest artistic value.—M. B. HUSSE.

Daimios often spent extravagant sums upon a single sword and small fortunes upon a collection. A samurai, however poor, would have a blade of sure temper and



BY TOSHIYOSHI.

land one may study with greater benefit than these little discs and ovals, for on them may be found illustrated the whole of the mythology, customs, legends, folk-lore, famous scenes, characteristics and celebrated personages and events of the history of Japan. The metals used were of all kinds, but wrought iron and bronze were favourites. The most interesting designs from the standpoint of difficulties overcome are those in wrought iron, as it was the hardest substance to work in, yet truly astounding results were achieved. The most beautiful are those of bronze, alloyed with, and inlaid and overlaid with, the precious metals. It was a *sine qua non* that a good *tsuba* should be capable of standing, when mounted, a two-handed blow from a sword. The metal had need, therefore, to be of the best, for it was frequently carved and pierced into exceedingly delicate designs. Not the least important

item in the manufacture of the *tsuba* was the pickling to which it was subjected, when finished, to obtain the *patina*, a beautiful silky lustre. Under this treatment, bronze when alloyed with gold produced a rich purplish black (*shakudo*); when alloyed with silver it became a beautiful silver grey (*shibuichi*). The baser metals under its influence became soft to the touch and glossy as satin. By working with various metals and alloys, with gold of varying shades, and by chasing, inlaying and overlaying, an artist was able to produce almost any effect he desired. The illustrations are from specimens in the collections of the author and residents in Japan and are reproduced two-thirds the size of the originals.

One of the earliest specimens that I have discovered was by Sōtōmō Iyenori, dating from about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the craft was in its infancy. Iyenori was a famous armourer and helmet-maker; but that he was able to work with considerable skill as a sculptor in the hardest of metals is clearly shown in his rendering of three ponies on a *tsuba* of wrought iron. Good as it is as a sample of the work of that period, it appears crude indeed in comparison with the next, of which both sides are shown. A lapse of about 250 years had seen prodigious strides in the art. A silver bronze (*shibuichi*) *tsuba* by Nagatsuné, 1764, depicts on both obverse and reverse country people visiting the Chionin temple at Kyoto quite overcome with wonder at the marvellous proportions of the great bell, one of the largest in Japan. The cherry tree in bloom shows the season of the year; but that the wind is chill is betrayed by the fact that the ricksha-runner in the background



CONFERENCE OVER JAR OF SAKÉ.

draws his cloak tight about him. Observe the amusement of the mountebank with the monkey at the amazement of the visitors. The *tsuba* is inlaid and overlaid at every suitable spot with gold, silver, copper and alloys. The artist's name on the notice-board is of gold on a copper ground, and the frame of the board is *shakudo* (black). It is a superb piece of metal-work.

Among the myths of Japan are the Sennin, "a very numerous and frequently-depicted set of personages who can neither be properly called spirits, genii or divinities. According to one authority, they are persons who do not die, but who, when they reach old age, retire from the haunts of men for contemplation and to practice austerity" (M. B. Huish). On a wrought-iron *tsuba* by Toshiyoshi, a Sennin named Tekkai, who had the misfortune to be a beggar, but was gifted with the power to emit his spirit in miniature in bodily form out of his mouth, is depicted in the act of consoling himself for his poverty in this manner. Tekkai's body, which is in high relief, is of *shibuichi*, or silver bronze. His staff is gold and his saké bottle of *shakudo*, or gold bronze. Hirotschi has chosen a favourite art motive in the old man and woman so beautifully carved on a wrought-iron *tsuba*. These old people—the Philemon and Baucis of Japan—lived such a long and happy life together, in a village among the pines of Haruna province, that when they died their spirits entered into the trees. Thus the pine tree is an emblem of longevity, and is always present in miniature form at a wedding ceremony, typifying the hope that the wedded couple will attain to a happy old age. The old people are known as the "old couple Takasago," and the village where they lived, famous to-day for its fine view, was named after them. The old man's face is of *shibuichi*, the old woman's face of silver. The woman's dress and the man's cape are of overlaid gold. Many artists disdained to sign their work, deeming the individuality they displayed sufficient means for identification. Excellence, however, was universal among so many that the classification of unsigned *tsuba* has become by no means easy as time has elapsed. Such is the case with a most excellent unsigned specimen in wrought iron, inlaid with gold, silver,

bronze and copper, showing the great ethical teacher, Confucius; Shaka-Muni, the founder of Buddhism; and a Chinese sage named Lao-tse (or Rō-shi, as the Japanese call him), the originator of the Taoist philosophy, engaged in a deep discussion over a jar of saké. Their expressions clearly show that their opinions differ as to its taste. Shaka-Muni says it is sweet, Confucius thinks it is sour, while Rō-shi declares it is positively bitter. All, however, were agreed upon one point—that it was good. This, of course, is but an allegorical illustration of how the same moral principles may be interpreted in different ways according to the conceptions of the teachers.



BY HAKOISHI.

The Ni-o are the two Deva Kings, Indra and Brahma, who keep guard at the outer gates of temples to scare away evil spirits. They are gigantic figures of terrible appearance. They are generally bespattered with pellets of paper. Devotees stand before them and concentrate their attention on some wish. While thus engaged they chew a piece of rice paper. This is then flung at the figure, and if it sticks it augurs well for the fulfilment of the desire. Tetsugen Shoraku has carved them on a wrought-iron *tsuba*, of which the base and rim are ground and lined and tooled. They are in high relief, and are inlaid and overlaid with silver, copper, gold and alloys, while the clouds from which they are emerging are of silver bronze. In the circular wrought-iron *tsuba* of floral design by Kyomasa, an artist from the island of Kyushu, a truly ambitious effort has been crowned with wonderful success. Notwithstanding the extreme difficulties presented by the chosen medium, the metal is pierced and delicately carved into a beautiful floral pattern.

But this is not all, for close examination reveals the fact that where the twining stems cross there is a clear space between them. It is impossible to show this distinctly in the illustration. The stems, however, curl in and out from side to side of the *tsuba* and cross over and under each other no less than seven times, and in each case there is an intervening space of over a sixteenth of an inch. An artist of lesser skill might well have thought he had achieved a unique result had he overcome so much difficulty but once on a single piece of work.



INDRA AND BRAHMA BY SHORAKU.

HERBERT G. PONTING.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE EXOTIC PRIMROSES.

WHEN writing of this subject, the first thought that crosses one's mind is how few varieties of Primroses there are, considering the large number under cultivation, which cannot be grown in the open air in this country.

With the introduction of a large number of Chinese varieties by Père Delavay, Dr. Augustine Henry, and more recently by Messrs. Veitch through their traveller, Mr. E. H. Wilson, there are over 200 known to botanists; of this number only five or six at the most require cool greenhouse treatment. True, there are a number of half-hardy sorts which thrive better if given a little protection during the winter, but these cannot be termed indoor Primulas, as in sheltered nooks on the rockery they thrive outside all the the year round. The flowers of others, although the plants are quite hardy, appear early in the year when the conditions are none too favourable; these, if given the protection of a cold greenhouse, pit or frame, well repay the grower for his trouble. The *Auricula* may be cited as an instance.

No specialist of these would think of leaving his pets at the mercy of our changeable weather. Most of the Primulas naturally flower during winter and spring. By sowing a few seeds at intervals from March to July a succession of flowers can be readily obtained from autumn to early



DESIGN BY KYOMASA.

summer. The pots or pans in which the seeds are to be sown must be half-filled with broken crocks, placing the smallest pieces at the top. The soil should consist of equal parts loam and leaf-mould, adding plenty of sand. Sift it through a small-meshed sieve and place a layer of the coarser portion, which failed to pass through the mesh, over the crocks. Fill up the pot with fine soil and press it down to form a smooth surface. Water with a fine rose and stand aside to drain for several hours before sowing the seeds. Sprinkle these thinly and evenly over the surface, cover lightly with fine soil and again press the surface down smoothly. Stand the pots or pans on a shelf in the greenhouse or in a frame. Cover with sheets of glass and keep dark by placing paper over them till the seeds commence to germinate. In a month or six weeks the young plants will be large enough to be transferred singly to small pots. Use soil composed of two-thirds fibrous loam, one-third leaf-mould and sand. During the summer months the plants can be grown in frames, transferring them to the greenhouse in autumn on the approach of chilly nights. When the pots are becoming filled with roots a little manure water may be given the plants. Soot-water is also beneficial. The Chinese Primroses are most largely grown in greenhouses. There are many charming varieties of these, varying very much in the colour and the size of the flowers, also in the shape and colour of the foliage. A large proportion of the varieties have leaves resembling an Ivy leaf in shape, known in the trade as plain leaf. More recently a number of sorts have been raised with longer, Fern-like leaves; these are known as the Fern-leaved varieties. The sorts with single flowers are, perhaps, the most popular. For cut-flower decoration the semi-double and double varieties are more lasting. The section known as the Star or Lady Primulas, although of comparatively recent introduction, are now largely grown. For amateurs and gardeners with limited glass accommodation they are, perhaps, the most valuable to grow. The plants produce flowers (although not quite so large) much more abundantly than the ordinary varieties. Produced tier upon tier, the flowers are attractive and the plants much less formal or flat in appearance. Of the large-flowered sorts, The Duchess, white, with a rose-carmine ring round the yellow eye, and The Czar, a distinct porcelain blue, are deserving of special mention. The varieties known as Giants, *i.e.*, with much more substance in the foliage and flowers, are usually sold in mixtures or separate colours, such as Giant White, Giant Crimson, etc. The semi-double sorts are also, generally speaking, sold in this way. A plant called *Primula floribunda* is found on the Western Himalayas at an elevation of from 2,500ft. to 6,500ft., and also in Afghanistan. It is a charming little plant for months at a time, its bright yellow flowers being very conspicuous in the greenhouse. Being, comparatively speaking, small, the plants have a more pleasing appearance if grown three or more together in pots or pans. The heads of small yellow flowers average 6in. to 8in. in height. The variety *Grandiflora* has larger flowers, and *Isabellina* flowers of a pale sulphur colour. The Abyssinian Primrose (*P. verticillata*) is not confined to that locality, being found on the other side of the Red Sea in Arabia. Its first introduction to this country was by way of Berlin about 1825. The leaves, leafy bracts and flower-heads are coated with white meal. The numerous pale yellow flowers are in whorls, the scape being 6 in. to 12 in. high. Propagation is done by seeds or division of the roots. The seeds, which are rather slow to germinate, should be sown in March or April to flower early the following year. *Primula kewensis* first appeared at Kew several years ago as a chance hybrid. Among a batch of seedlings of *P. floribunda* one plant stood out prominent amid the others from the seedling stage owing to its vigour. The conclusion arrived at when the plant flowered was that it must be a hybrid between *P. floribunda* and *P. verticillata*, as both were growing in the same house where the seeds were collected. To make certain or otherwise on this point, the cross was made artificially, and plants identical in every way with the chance seedling were obtained. As a winter flower it is a delightful and welcome acquisition. The plants are more robust than either of the parents, and it is an ideal pot plant in every way, having a good constitution. The Cone-flowered Primrose (*P. obconica*) is widely distributed in China, being found at Ichang and westward for 1,000 miles from sea-level to a height of 4,000ft. It

was introduced to this country by Messrs. Veitch in 1881, through their traveller, the late famous Mr. Charles Marles. Probably no Primrose under cultivation grows and flowers so freely. By sowing the seeds at various times, the plants can be had in flower the whole year round. The flowers vary very much in colour even in a wild state, while in gardens there is almost every shade of colour from pure white to deep carmine-red. These have been given distinctive names and come fairly true from seeds. A good selection would include *Rose Quen*, flesh pink; *Vesuvius* and *Kermesina*, carmine-red; *Lilacina*, pale lilac; *Alba*, white; *Fimbriata*, edges of the petals notched and fimbriated; *Grandiflora*, large soft lilac flower; and *Flora Plena*, a semi double form. Unfortunately, the leaves of *P. obconica* irritate the skin of some people who come in contact with it. This has led to its banishment from some flower gardens altogether. *P. Forbesii*, is hardy, but it never attains to such perfection in the open air as in pots and pans, and we usually meet with it in gardens in a cool greenhouse. The plant was found by Père Delavay in Yunnan in the early eighties, and by General Sir H. Collett in the Shan States of Eastern Burma at an elevation of 3,000ft. The plants thrive best if treated as annuals, the seeds germinating very readily. Very pretty is the effect if a number of plants are grown in shallow pans, with a few pieces of sandstone placed among them.

A HEDGE OF DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE.

THE hedge represented in the illustration, from a photograph sent by Mrs. Axlard, Postlip, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham, was planted nearly two years ago. There are eighty-three plants. The hedge is about 100ft



HEDGE OF DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE.

in length, and flowers, as the photograph shows, most luxuriantly. It is a perfect sheet of pink bloom.

PLANTING LILIES.

A correspondent asks a question with regard to the planting of Lilies, and I cannot give better advice than that tendered by Miss Jekyll in the book called "Lilies for English Gardens": "There are two matters connected with Lily growing whose importance is often overlooked, and to the neglect of which many failures may probably be ascribed; one is the right depth of planting, and the other is neglect in giving due protection from spring frosts. As a rough rule a Lily is planted at a depth represented by three times that of the bulb, except in the case of *L. giganteum*, which is planted barely underground. But Lilies have two ways of throwing out roots. Some of them, including *candidum* and all the *Martagons*, root only at the base of the bulb. In a great number the bulb makes its first growth by the help of the roots from its base, known as basal roots; but as soon as the stem begins to rise, it throws out a fresh set from the stem itself, above the point where it comes out of the bulb. These are the roots that feed the later growth of the stem and flowers. The following is a list of the Lilies that root from the stem as well as from the bulb, and therefore require deep planting; the names are put alphabetically: *Auratum*, including all varieties and the fine Japanese hybrid *L. a. Alexandræ*, *Eatemani*, *Brownii*, *croceum*, *Dalhousii*, *elegans*, *Hansonii*, *Henryi*, *Krameri*, *longiflorum*, *nepalense*, *speciosum* and *tigrinum*. The following are the Lilies that root from the bulb only, and therefore do not need such deep planting: *Burbankii*, *canadense*, *candidum*, *chalcidonicum*, *excelsum*, *giganteum*, *Grayi*, *Humboldtii*, *Martagon*, *pardalinum*, *pomponium*, *superbum*, *szovitzianum* and *washingtonianum*."

THE NEWER CARNATIONS.

Considerable interest has been taken during the past few years in the newer race of Carnations known as American, winter-flowering, or perpetual-flowering, chiefly owing to the efforts of raisers in this country and in the United States of America, who have given us some beautiful new colours. These Carnations are chiefly valued because they flower in winter and have long stems, rendering them suitable for cutting. To obtain blooms from now onwards through the winter, the plants need the protection of a slightly-heated but well-ventilated greenhouse, a temperature of 45 deg. to 50 deg. Fahr. exactly suiting their requirements. One point in the growing of these beautiful flowers not very well known is the planting of old plants in the open beds or borders about the second week in May. Grown thus, they will continue to give a quantity of flowers through the summer, until the

frosts of late autumn, when the plants may either be left outdoors, as they are as hardy as ordinary Carnations, or cut back to within 3 in. of the ground and lifted and repotted for removal to the greenhouse. A few varieties I can recommend from my experience are White Lawson Improved, Enchantress (pale pink), Windsor (pink), Britannia (scarlet), Nelson Fisher (cerise), President Cleveland (dark crimson) and Mrs. H. Burnett (salmon rose). Enchantress and Britannia are particularly good ones for planting out during the summer months. These beautiful flowers have brought a new interest to our gardens. There are three flowers to which we are devoted—first the Rose, with its exquisite beauty and its associations; then the Carnation, which, as children, we liked in the old garden at home; and then the Sweet Pea, which, through the enterprise of our horticulturists, has become a sister, as it were, to the Rose itself.

F. W. H.

NATURE-STUDY IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

"WELL, I didn't learn anything like that when I was a boy! Children get a much nicer time in school now than they had when I used to go!" Who has not heard fond parents discussing the school life of to-day, and the doings of their boys and girls in school? The keynote of present-day education is that knowledge is not pursued solely for its own sake, but also as a means to something better. The aim of educationalists is now to turn out from their schools children who are not merely "crammed" with ill-digested facts, but whose faculties have been well developed. Even the study of arithmetic, which is so indispensable for its own sake, is considered also as a means whereby the intelligence of the scholar may be promoted and enlarged. The pupil of to-day is taught to be wide-awake and resourceful; and this end is especially attained by the study of Nature, with which this article is concerned. Although the subjects now taught in elementary schools remain practically the same as those of a generation ago, yet the study of Nature has developed so much of late years from comparative insignificance into one of the most important subjects of the school curriculum, that it may be regarded as an entirely new subject. Another reason for thus considering it is that it has not yet been universally adopted, and is still in the pioneer stage. In some schools Nature-study is even now little more than a mere name, and its real value is but vaguely conceived in many; but, despite this, considerable progress has already been achieved, and the study of Nature now stands out as a prominent feature in our most up-to-date elementary education. Properly approached, Nature-study demands not only a clear and distinct knowledge, but the power of exact and careful observation, and consequently the power



AN OUTDOOR LESSON ON THE ELM TREE.

of clear and truthful expression; the habit of enquiring into the "why and wherefore" of everything, with the inevitable growth of self-reliance and individuality as a result. It is along the road of self-reliance that success is attained in practical affairs, so that as a preparation for everyday life Nature-study has a claim to be considered. The advance of civilisation is largely due to the increased control possessed by man over Nature; hardly any modern invention can be named which does not prove this. Practical science is daily becoming more important in our Universities and secondary schools. Why, then, should we not give those who cannot reach those institutions some groundwork from which they can investigate for themselves? The sympathies of the child once aroused, we can train the power of minute observation gained by the study of Nature into high and worthy channels. This done, we shall see as a result the awakening of a love for literature and art; we shall see a keen appreciation of beauty—beauty of purpose as well as of form; we shall see the child adapting itself to its environment, and acquiring the spirit of "give and take," of which Nature herself is the greatest teacher, and without which we can never have any true conception of her.

General schemes of work in Nature-study, of course, vary somewhat. Observation being the main necessity, the character of the district surrounding the school has much to do with the actual subjects of the lessons given there. For instance, the purpose of teaching Nature-study, as outlined above, would obviously not be realised by giving a lesson on the crab and its habits in an inland town where crabs are only seen on the fishmonger's stall. The best schemes are based primarily on the simple facts of Nature which can be observed by all the children in their own locality, while not necessitating the use of costly and intricate apparatus. In the

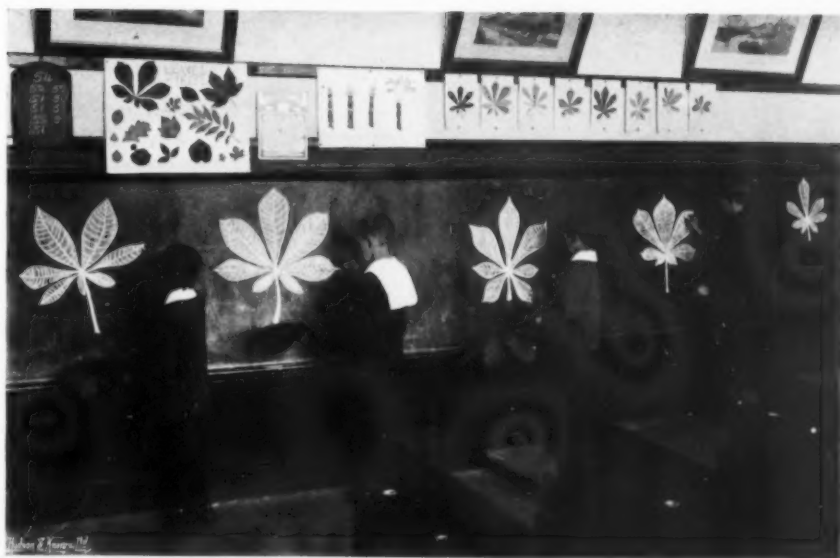


PAINTING A SCHOOL-GROWN BEAN PLANT.

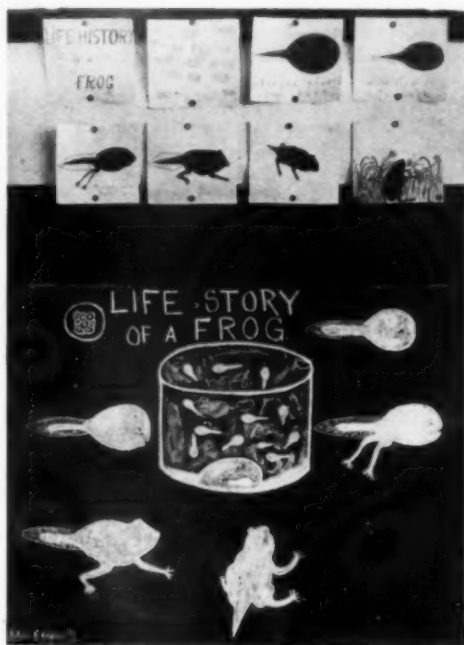
upper classes it is possible to lead up to the elements of classification, thus forming a basis for the study of science in all its branches. Excursions or rambles play an important part in the study. By means of these the children get a first-hand acquaintance with Nature. They see things in their natural beauty and among their natural surroundings. They are encouraged to observe carefully and make sketches; distinctive characteristics are pointed out, and comparisons and contrasts made. Specimens are gathered and closely examined; some of these are taken home to be looked after, while others are afterwards brought to school to form the basis of further study there. It should be said that these specimens are not gathered indiscriminately and carelessly; the sympathies of the child are enlisted against everything harmful. No bird's nest, excepting when evidently abandoned, is taken from its bush or tree; eggs in a nest are not touched; and caterpillars, or any other living creatures obtained for observation, are carefully used and replaced in their original surroundings, unless they are to be properly cared for by the children at their homes or in school. These excursions are undertaken with definite aims in view. The children always know beforehand the

main object of the ramble, and direct their observations accordingly. But, of course, their eyes are not solely confined to the object visited. A hundred and one different things are noticed *en route*, the children showing one another "this" and "that," or crowding round while the teacher points out something exceptional or of special interest to the class as a whole. This is the goal of study of "a

leaf, the gradually lengthening stem, the tendrils twining round the stick, the flower-buds opening into blossoms of varied hues, the dropping of the petals and the development of the pod are all seen in turn, and sketches, with explanatory notes and dates, are recorded in books kept for this special purpose. So keen do the children become that many grow plants for themselves at home, and a healthy rivalry often prevails among the young gardeners. Many schools have gardens attached to them for use in connection with the study. In addition to being taught by means of excursions and observation lessons, Nature-study further forms the basis of the greater part of the expressive work of the school. The value of the "correlation," or connection of studies with one another, has long been insisted upon by many teachers, and there is no subject more suitable than Nature-study on which to base the work in others. It provides excellent material for drawing and modelling lessons. For instance, after having a lesson on the apple, the children draw the apple in chalk, pencil and water-colour. Nature forms are also applied to elementary design and the painting of calendars. In some schools these forms are included in such manual exercises as wood-carving. Arithmetic is made interesting by concrete examples such as "so many bulbs are planted in a garden," etc., when bulbs are the objects of study in the Nature lessons. English composition and literature are connected; following lessons on the growth of the daffodil, an essay is written, and the children read Wordsworth's poem on "The Daffodil." Music is also correlated; a lesson on snow is occasion for a song like "The Snowflakes." These examples can be multiplied indefinitely; they serve to show how much of the school work is bound together with Nature-study as a basis. Thus the work is made more interesting, and is more intelligently followed, with the result that the children of to-day obtain through the school a broad



BLACKBOARD STUDIES OF LEAVES.



Frequently it happens that the same object more than one excursion; for instance, the year in the life of a tree" calls for at least four visits, one in each of the four seasons. Rambles organised in school are not the only ones, however; the children are often so interested in watching the development of a particular growth that they will go to see it in parties on their own account. These rambles, which of themselves produce a love of Nature and enlist the sympathies of the children, are supplemented in school by observation lessons. Here the specimens are brought into use. For a lesson on a leaf every child has a leaf in front of him, which he observes carefully under the teacher's direction, making a closer and more systematic examination than is possible in the field. Comparisons and contrasts with objects studied in previous lessons often occur, these being not infrequently suggested by the children themselves. Some observation lessons consist of the periodic examination of the development of a flower or plant grown in the classroom. Such a plant as the sweet pea is grown from the seed. A few seeds are put between layers of flannel, which are kept damp, and the manner of their germination noted, while the children watch eagerly for the first appearance above ground of those planted in pots of soil. The first pair



ON THE SHORE.

two large strips, which he at once puts on our hooks, the toughest bait, bar squid, in our seas. The other chad may sample it long and carefully without baring the hook, and pollack are not indifferent to its attractions. We reel in three or four fathoms so as to be over the heads of the chad and there manage to find half-a-dozen more good pollack, the best of which scales only a little short of 12lb. One of the rods gets a fine bream of 5lb. or 6lb.; the other, having let the bait lie too near the bottom, brings up a gorgeous wrasse, beautiful, but useless, disregarded even by the gulls when we throw it overboard and watch it float away, unable to sink because of its distended air-bladder.

During lunch one reel after the other screams its warning too late. Fishing, as Hazlitt has it, is a pleasant mixture of idleness and thoughtfulness, but it is not given to the ordinary man to lunch and fish at once, and if you give your attention to the pasty you must lose the fish. The turn of the tide takes the boat off the right spot, and a shoal of squid or cuttle-fish—worse spoil-sports than even the chad—has got wind of our bait. The only plan that sometimes answers with these invertebrate pilferers is to throw half-a-dozen fish into the sea, reel in all lines, and smoke some tobacco while the squid fasten on these decoys and drift away with them. This offering is not always successful. It suggests giving a German band a handful of coppers to play in the next street, for sometimes a few of the orchestra remain behind. To day, moreover, we have had enough of it. There are twenty or thirty good pollack in the well, not to mention a bream or two, and we shall just get back in time to change into clean flannels and play a brisk set of tennis after tea. Fishing is the sport of sports, but in hot summer weather it should take turn and turn with better exercise. Fly-fishing, in which you may tramp along miles of bank, with your good right arm in continuous play, answers both purposes, but the sea-fisherman runs the risk of getting slack and fat if he just sits all day in a boat and eats (and drinks) more lunch than he needs. Apart from this drawback, pollack-fishing on the outer grounds is an interesting way to pass a fine day. Even when the fish are unkind, "uncertain, coy and hard to please," as other beauties, there is always something to look at in the way of birds or porpoises. Once, when we were anchored about twelve miles out, a huge grampus started feeding among the pilchards not more than a hundred yards away, rushing to and fro in the thick of the shoal with terrific roars. As the epicure was about half again the length of our boat, it needed some self-consciousness to sit perfectly still and even feign a lazy interest in the manner of its banquet. Back, then, we sail for the quay, with a good breeze aft, in which a Cornish lugger sails very sweetly, more yacht-like than any other fishing craft on British seas.

F. G. AFLALO.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A GOOD HEATHER SEASON.

RARELY have we had such an excellent heather season as during the past year. To begin with, the bloom was out in July—about a month earlier than last year, and the flower was specially fine. On the lower grounds the heather was in full blossom during the first week in August, but about the 2,000ft. line it was at least the middle of the month before much flower was seen. Although heather grows at a height of 3,000ft. or more, at about 2,500ft. the bloom becomes very feeble and above this point scarcely any flower is seen at all. Whether the heather will be rich or not depends on the weather during the latter part of May and the first few days of June, as the flower shoots are formed then, and a sharp night frost during this period will destroy the bloom for the season. Year after year large quantities of white heather are being pulled up from the moors, and it is to be feared that in the course of a few years the variety will become extremely rare. The pity of it is that the heather is pulled up by the roots usually at a time when it is in full bloom, so that it stands but a poor chance of taking root in its new surroundings. The best time for transplanting is in November, after the flower is over, and a good plan, if the plant is to be brought to a garden, is to mark it when in bloom and return later on. Some people claim to be able to distinguish the white heather plants at any season of the year by the light colouring of the leaves; but although white heather plants are of a lighter colour than the common variety, one often finds the ordinary purple heather sending up very light green shoots.

A TAME HIND.

The photograph here reproduced is of a young hind which was in June brought down from the hills by a keeper, and is now as tame as, and tamer than, the cow belonging to the croft. She was found high up among the hills, and had apparently been forsaken by her mother, so was brought by the keeper to his house, and fed on milk. She soon became exceedingly tame, and it is very amusing to see her and the small kitten playing together. The kitten shows absolutely no fear of the young hind, which in turn allows herself to be pulled about and scratched quite good-naturedly.

A CLOUD-BURST ON THE CAIRNGORMS.

A few years ago a cloud-burst of exceptional size descended on the Cairngorm Mountains, and an old watcher, who has his bothy almost exactly where the cloud burst, gives the following details. On July 10th, 1901, the morning opened brilliantly fine and warm, with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine, but towards noon heavy clouds formed on the hills, and it rapidly became so dark that it was almost impossible to read. He was standing in the door of his bothy, when suddenly he heard from the hill across the glen a report like a thunder-clap, followed by a noise like the tearing of linen, only a thousand times more loud and more majestic in sound. Then he noticed that a solid mass of water had struck the hill-top, and part of it, bounding up again with the force of the impact, had descended on the hill-top immediately behind his bothy. Immediately afterwards a tremendous volume of water came pouring down both hillsides, forming great rifts in the hills as it swirled, irresistible in its course, down rocks and stones. Had the bothy been a few hundred yards down the glen, it would have stood immediately in the way of the flood, and would have been broken up and carried away like matchwood. Fortunately, however, it just escaped the flood, but the watcher told me he thought his last hour had come. Some idea of the rush of water can be imagined when it is stated that the channel it scooped out was in places quite 12ft. deep, and large rocks were tossed down its course as if they had been pebbles. The sand and stones brought down by the water so dammed up the river Dee that quite an extensive loch was formed, and right down to the sea the river was the colour of pea-soup, causing anglers to send anxious enquiries to the upper reaches to find out the reason for the thickness of the water without any great rise of the river. The strange thing about it was that during the time of the cloud-burst the weather a mile or two up the glen remained quite fine, but to the south the clouds were black as night.

THE BUZZARD IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

Although it would naturally be imagined that, in a county so abounding in hills and moorlands, the buzzard would be met with commonly in Aberdeenshire, this is by no means the case, and during many years spent in the hills and moors I have only once identified a buzzard. He was in a most inaccessible spot, in the midst of the Cairngorm Mountains, and when I disturbed him was feeding on some bird—probably a grouse—which he



S. P. Gordon.

A TAME HIND.

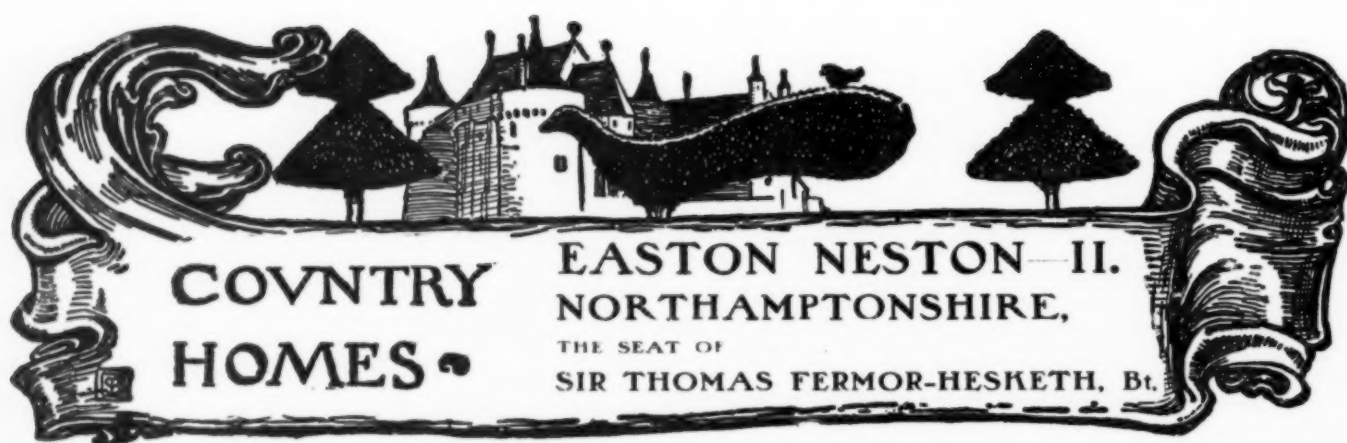
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carried off with him at my approach. I am at a loss to account for such a scarcity of this bird in localities so suited to its habits. Can it be, I wonder, that the golden eagle will not allow another bird of prey to hunt where he, the king of birds, has his domain? This seems to be the only possible explanation.

DEER-STALKING RESULTS.

In all the Scottish forests stalking has now ended, and results can be compared. The figures, though very good, do not quite come up to those of some recent years, owing chiefly to those three weeks' continuous mist in September, when the stags could not be found. The deficiency in numbers has been more than made up by the fine quality of the venison, and all-over weights have gone up quite 8lb. on the average. In some forests the increase reached from 10lb. to 12lb. The heaviest stag was killed in Affric Forest, by the Earl of Durham, and scaled 21st. 12lb. Several other animals have turned the scales at 20st., while stags of 18st. and 19st. have been common. The "Head of the Season" was secured by Mr. Vernon Watney of Fonnich, and carried horns measuring 34in. in length with a clear width of 34½in. inside both antlers. The head does not show a single weak point, although only possessing ten points. Very near it in quality was an eleven-pointer shot in Kintail Forest by Mr. Sydney Loder. In Conlin Forest a very fine imperial was shot by Sir William Ogilvy-Dalgleish, and a fine royal was brought down by Mr. Walter Parrott in Borrisdale, while many royals and eleven-pointers were shot in different forests. In the course of a few weeks, hind-shooting will commence, and many of the more enthusiastic sportsmen will go up North for this fascinating sport.

SETON GORDON.



IN "The Dictionary of National Biography" Easton Neston is twice mentioned. In giving an account of Lord Lempster, the year 1702 is given as the date of its completion. But in sketching the life of Hawksmoor we are told that he did not complete his work here till 1713. This divergence is not necessarily contradictory. The date that appears on the exterior of the fabric is 1702, but for some time after that the interior decorations were still in progress. To a great extent they are intact, and are of great interest, as being the individual work of a man who was only occasionally employed alone, but was more often engaged as the subordinate of Wren and of Vanbrugh. He was an excellent draughtsman, and his knowledge of architectural history and of mathematics gave him a mastery over details and over construction. But he was not creative. Vanbrugh was exactly the opposite, and at Blenheim and Castle Howard he must have found Hawksmoor invaluable in giving stability to the fabric and co-ordination to the parts. Hawksmoor lived on till 1736, and was employed at Oxford. His work at Queen's College is in the full classical style of his age. But at All Souls' he would not, as he was desired, pull down the whole of the old building, but sought—as he and Wren also did at Westminster Abbey—to assimilate his work to it, and so gave us the "earliest modern Gothic work." In London he built

two churches, both of which, however, have been tampered with. Butterfield "improved" St. Mary Woolnoth in 1875, while Street removed from the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury, the characteristics which made Horace Walpole describe it as a "master stroke of absurdity, consisting of an obelisk crowned with a statue of George I. and hugged by royal supporters." Even if absurd, it was peculiarly typical of both Georgian Anglicanism and Georgian architecture, and its alteration is, therefore, doubly regrettable. At Easton Neston, Hawksmoor is more than scholarly and careful; he shows individuality of design and planning. The pictures of the exterior published last week showed this, as do also those of the interior which accompany this article. Unfortunately, his chief and decidedly unusual feature, the hall, has been altered beyond recognition. All great houses of this age, Vanbrugh's and Gibbs's, Ripley's and Kent's, had halls of large size and much structural decoration. But they almost invariably occupied the centre of the façade. At Easton, Hawksmoor wanted a hall of exceptional size in a house of which the façade was not of exceptional length. Its doorway, therefore, while placed in the centre of the façade, was set at one end of the hall, which occupied all the rest of the west front towards the south. It consisted of three sections, a great and lofty middle part of two-storey



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EAST SIDE OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PART OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

height and lower sections at either end, of which one contained the entrance, and passed on to the lobby in the middle of the house, whence, at right angles, rose the stairs. Reference to the illustrations shows a quite different arrangement. The entrance section has been cut off from the main section, but a small room to the left has been thrown in by means of an arcade, of which the arches have recently been fitted with fine Spanish ironwork. The corresponding section at the other end of the old hall is likewise partitioned off, and the central part, with reduced height, is used as a dining-room. But the columns, which are seen in the view of its south side, betray the original disposition, their function having been to support one of the beams which carried the floors of the rooms over the end sections of the hall. The full length of this, as Hawksmoor built it, was 58ft., and with its many sections, its differing heights and its architectural decorations, it must have possessed much dignity and presence. The dining-room, which was carved out of

it, has recently been fitted with wainscotting and doorways in the Renaissance style; but its mantel-piece, by its style and size, proves itself original to the hall. Over it is a great picture of the battle of Valenciennes by Louthembourg, while on the south wall hangs Van Dyck's portrait of the cavalier, Sir William Fermor, in full armour. A full-length portrait of his wife, Mary Perry, is in the same room, and also pictures of Sir William's parents or grandparents in James I. costume painted on great oak panels an inch thick and weighing several hundredweights. If Hawksmoor's hall has been tampered with, his large drawing-room is unscathed and offers a fine scheme of decoration, principally carried out in plaster. There are traces of Grinling Gibbons's influence in such portions as the festoon of netting over the mantel-piece, but the general character is decidedly later, resembling, indeed, the designs in William Halfpenny's "Modern Builder's Assistant," which was not published till George II.'s reign. This room, therefore, was probably left to the last, and



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THE PRESENT ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN THE LARGE DRAWING-ROOM.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

was done towards the close of Hawksmoor's life for the Earl of Pomfret. Apart from drapery festoons, floral scrolls and classic friezes and mouldings, the scheme of decoration represents the chase. The central medallion of the ceiling is from Titian's "Venus and Adonis," and a trophy of weapons hangs above each of the elaborately-wrought plaster frames, which enclose sporting scenes by Snyders and Hondius. The staircase and gallery, which are also illustrated, are a little earlier in style. The former occupies a space 40ft. deep, so that the stone stairway has treads of exceptionally easy gradient, and the whole effect is one of considerable splendour. There are, again, elaborate wall and ceiling decorations. The wall compartments are painted in *chiaroscuro* by Sir James Thornhill, with scenes from the life of Cyrus, and the niches originally were filled with Arundel marbles, but now with plaster reproductions of celebrated antiques. The balustrading is of iron, and the panel on the landing is a good example of the delicate

hammer-work for which England was famous throughout the period of Hawksmoor's career. In the centre of this panel, as of that of the ceiling above, is the monogram which we generally connect with the later French Sovereigns and their Sèvres china. But crossed L's served for Lord Lempster as well as for King Louis, and he used them freely, as on his rain-water pipe-heads and on his carriages. There hangs in the gallery a fine landscape of a Thames scene by Siebrecht, the foreground of which is occupied by a six-horse coach with the crossed L's on its panels. The gallery runs at right angles to the staircase across the centre of the house from east to west, and is lit by large end windows, of which that to the east, with its admirable old sash-barring, appears in the view. With its coved ceiling above the fine frieze and cornice, and with its scheme of panelling broken by the fluted pilasters on each side of the semi-circular central break, this gallery forms a most agreeable as well as a somewhat original feature. The great Italian cabinet of the



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CEILING OF THE LARGE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

illustration stands in it. It is of very good proportions, and the ornament is more restrained in quantity and more delicate in execution than was often the case with that country's late seventeenth century pieces. From the gallery open suites of great bedrooms 20ft. high, many of them with fine ceilings and almost all of them with tapestries hung on the walls. Easton Neston has long been famous for its wealth of these. That which is here reproduced now hangs in the present hall, and is one of a set

page in the gossiping chronicles of the eighteenth century. Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys was grand-daughter of that cadet of the Denbighshire Jeffreyses whom Charles II., though describing him as having "no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers," was persuaded to make Lord Chief Justice in 1693. As Lord Jeffreys of Wem he earned a high place among the villains of the drama of English history. The death of James II. took



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THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of ten from Raphael's designs which had belonged to the Stewart Dukes of Richmond, the last of whom died in 1672.

Lady Lempster did more for her husband than to obtain him a barony and bring about the building of the great house. She gave him a son to succeed him in his honours and possessions when he died in 1711. Thomas Fermor was a lad of fourteen when he became the second Lord Lempster, and soon after he came of age he married a lady who fills a large

him to the Tower, where he died in 1689. Thereupon (a bill of forfeiture having been dropped) his son came into his title and estates. He was "a Person of very good Parts" who, just before his father's fall, married the heiress of the seventh Earl of Pembroke. But he was dissipated, extravagant and quarrelsome, and was not much regretted when he died in 1702, leaving Henrietta as his only child. Her marriage with Thomas, Lord Lempster, in 1720, was quickly followed,

as had been the case with his father, by an increase of honours to her husband. The new Earl and Countess of Pomfret entered the Royal household of Queen Caroline, in the respective capacities of Master of the Horse and Lady of the Bed-chamber. This was during the ascendancy of Sir Robert Walpole, with whose younger son, Horace, they formed a friendship which earned them such small measure of immortality as they have attained, for the whole "Correspondence with Horace Mann" teems with playful allusions to and sarcastic comments on "the P's." It is not, however, to Horace Mann that he writes about Easton Neston in 1736. He was then a lad of nineteen, and neither he nor the Pomfrets had yet been at Florence and formed an intimacy with the English Minister there. It is to his other great friend, George Montagu, that the youthful letter-writer addresses his remarks. He was on a round of visits, and from Althorpe passed on to neighbouring Easton, "where in an old greenhouse is a wonderful fine statue of Tully haranguing a numerous assembly of decayed emperors, vestal virgins with new noses, Colossus's, Venus's, headless carcases and carcaseless heads, pieces of tombs and hieroglyphics." This, of course, is the pert undergraduate's smart description of the *Marmora Arundeliana*, which were the glory of Easton. Not merely were the roof parapet and the hall niches furnished with them, but Morton tells us that "the garden is richly adorned with antique statues and with other valuable pieces of ancient sculpture." The "old greenhouse" must have been a portion of Wren's south wing (now removed) arranged as an orangery, where we hear of "the remains of antiquity that are maimed and imperfect." But a restorer employed by the Pomfrets after their Italian residence, and Giovanni

Battista Guelfi (a scholar of Camillo Rusconi, whom Thomas Coke had employed to rehead and refinger the Holkham Diana) were set to work. It was soon after Horace Walpole's visit that the death of the Queen gave freedom from Court attendance to the Pomfrets, and they drifted to Florence, where their former guest found them in "a vast palace and vast garden so that pairs have free indulgence to wander about the arbours," and where Lady Pomfret and her fellow "blue stocking," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "incessantly debate rhapsodies of mystic nonsense." Back in England in 1741, her ladyship's ambitions seemed likely to reach their highest realisation in her becoming the mother-in-law of a Prime Minister. Her eldest daughter married Lord Cartaret, George II.'s favourite Minister, whom he sought to push into the Premiership. But this political manoeuvre was defeated by the Whig magnates, and young Lady Cartaret died after a year of marriage. Lord Pomfret continued to hold subsidiary offices—such as Constable of the Tower and Ranger of Hyde Park—and these and his wife's social and literary proclivities made Easton a place of only occasional residence, and it was at Carshalton in Surrey that the first Earl died in 1753. Then evil times fell on the home of the Fermors. Three years before his father's death the new Earl had lost £12,000 at hazard to "an ensign of the Guards," of which he also was an officer. Not long after, a play-debt quarrel with Captain Grey led to a duel, which resulted in the latter's death, and Horace Walpole exclaims that there is "no end to the misfortunes and wrong-headedness" of his old friends' son. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that nothing but the entailed estates—and these burdened with a heavy jointure—went to the heir, and all

the personalty to the widow, who, having also her own fortune, was a rich woman. When, therefore, the second Earl, with straitened means and "deep in debts and post obits," sold most of the valuable movable property at Easton, his mother bought the marbles. Even now that Horace Walpole's judgment was more mature he refuses to think highly of them. He considers they "are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatuses and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions by living out of doors." The dowager's object in the purchase was to reunite them to that portion of the Arundel collection, consisting mainly of inscribed panels, which John Evelyn had induced the Duke of Norfolk to present to Oxford University in Charles II.'s time. The University does not seem to have valued the statues more highly than Horace Walpole, for George Baker describes them in 1836 as lying "neglected and unarranged in the logic and moral philosophy schools." But full public gratitude was accorded to the donor, and Horace Walpole writes in 1756 that "she has been to Oxford to the Public Act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches and hear herself called Minerva." Then he adds the born gossip's nasty little touch: "The public orator on seeing her changed his passage on beauty of person to one on beauty of mind." When, five years later, she died at Marlborough while journeying to Bath it was at St. Mary's, Oxford, that "a neat cenotaph was erected to her memory." She thus reached some of that



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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

academic honour for which she yearned. She was a woman of considerable accomplishment, no doubt, but her total lack of humour led her to take herself far too seriously, and the verdict on her published letters is that they are "dull and affected." The same description holds for her picture at Easton Neston, where—no doubt by her own arrangement—she is represented, in a very *degagé* blue gown, sitting amid wild rocks, holding a green apple in one hand and pointing at a sculptured antique vase with the other. A far finer portrait is that of her daughter-in-law, Anna Maria, second Countess of Pomfret, by Reynolds. She was the heiress of William Draycot of Chelsea, and helped to restore the second Earl's fallen fortunes by marrying him in 1664. Reynolds must have painted her soon after that and before her rapidly-increasing stoutness led to Charles Townshend's remark that "her tomage is become equal to her poundage." This accession of wealth and that which later on accrued from the marriage of the third Earl to another heiress account for the good condition in which Easton Neston has ever been kept. With the death of the bachelor fifth Earl in 1867 the titles became extinct, but the estates passed to his sister, Lady Hesketh. The Heskeths are a very old Lancashire family, and had been seated at Hesketh for eight generations before "Sir William Heskayte," in Edward I.'s time, married "Dame Mawde," daughter and co-heiress of Richard Fytton of Rufford. Thus one-half of that manor came in, and the other half followed when the heiress thereof married Sir William's grandson. Though a new Rufford Hall was built in George III.'s time, the old one, a typical timber-framed Lancashire house of sixteenth century date, was preserved and yet survives. It was at Rufford that Sir Thomas Hesketh was born and died. But his marriage with Lady Anna Fermor in 1846 gave him Easton Neston as well, and both estates have descended to his younger son, Sir Thomas Hesketh Fermor, whose added art objects, especially in ironwork, as well as the produce of his big-game-hunting in distant parts, appear in several of the illustrations.



Copyright

IN THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A NIGHT AT A SHRINE.

SERGIEVO, 2.30 a.m.

THIS is written in the waiting-room here. Before me the lights twinkle on the little vodka bar. There is much noise in the room, but the heavy sound of snoring is gaining the victory over all. What a night this has been! How came I here? How is it that I am alive? To-night—the first act was among crowds of pilgrims at church; the second act in a one-roomed cottage framed in old newspapers and inhabited by five men, two women and two babies; thoughts of plague and exit; the third act was spent among the churches and the stars in the cool, fresh night; fourth act, discovery of the railway station full of people drunk or sleeping; the fifth act is to come. I am drinking my eleventh glass of tea from the inexhaustible pot but, ah! how restless I am! I am sure I carry on my person many of the unnumbered inhabitants of that cottage. How the insects creaked in its newspaper walls! About me now picture fearful monstrous peasants, spluttering, roaring, singing. A

gendarme comes along now and then and pretends to keep order. My *vis à-vis* is uproarious. Figure him with thick red hair and a wild red beard. He is a fat man and he stands facing the gendarme and answers each remonstrance with an inarticulate roar. His hair has been cut away with shears, and it overhangs his head equally all round, so that he has a ridiculous resemblance to a thatched cottage. There has not been much occasion for *enmi* since I came in here. Even during this last ten minutes a girl at the bar has taken five glasses of vodka, and a well-dressed man, himself drunk, is making clumsy attempts to kiss her. She grins and reels about—a peasant girl. The man is making us all a speech now, and the peasants are jesting according to their knowledge of jests. In the darker corner of the waiting-room an elaborate temple is set up, and little lamps burn dimly before the gilded ikons of Mary and the child Jesus. The drunkards look thither furtively and cross themselves. The scene is strange. I was rummaging through my pocket-book for some paper, and came across the photograph of dear K—. I took it out, and let the face look out. I felt convulsed with laughter at the wistful way she looked out upon the scene; the print is fading slightly, and there is a sort of "silken sad uncertain" expression about it that was so astonishingly true that the real face could not look differently if my friend could be instantly brought here. But she sleeps peacefully in that London suburb that I know. Fourteen hours to wait for a train! And what shall I do this long day? I might walk back again to Moscow, thirty-five versts is not so very far, but no, I feel too tired for that.

This room, with its vodka bar and its temple of God, and the drunkards flung all round the steps of the altar, is a picture

of Russia—a strange truth. When I arrived here this afternoon and my train emptied out its pilgrims, there were two stately priests officiating at the ikons in this room. Dressed in cloth of gold and mitred in purple, they moved about majestically in the performance of their offices, and from their mouths came the unearthly sounds of the Greek chant and litany. To-day is the festival of the Birth of Mary. It is in the last of the bright autumnal weather, and it stands as the last occasion for pilgrimages before the winter weather. Many thousands of people flock hither to the shrine of St. Serge. Our cook at Moscow begged leave to go away for two days to pray here, and she is now somewhere sleeping in an unheavenly cottage there below. It has been interesting to see the far-distance pilgrims; the peasant women bent double by huge bundles on their backs, but resting on stout staffs and looking out very piously and anxiously from their deep hoods. We had four of them in our carriage of the train; very gay they looked in their coloured cotton dresses; but they were reserved, and their monosyllabic groans and grunts scarcely sounded articulate outside the circle of their own company. The service last evening was grand; the festival commenced at six o'clock. I had been watching the crows whirling about the domes of the churches, settling on the high gilt crosses, flapping their wings, balancing themselves, calling to one another, and the dusk was deepening. I went into the great church and looked at the long queue of people waiting to consecrate their candles and be anointed with the holy oil. At last the priests came forward and lit one candle before each of the ikons, and a long-haired pope stood before the people and pronounced the induction of the service. The organ music swelled as the incense reached one's senses, and the solemn litany went forward with its eternal choric response: "Oh Lord, Lord, Lord my God. . . ."

About ten o'clock I left the dim church and went out into the darkness, among shadows of unknown men and women and

drink again. No room to let there. The street without was full of solicitous boys and girls who want to find you a lodging. To one of these I had recourse, and after many unsuccessful ventures she took me to the fore-mentioned cottage. There was more adventure and novelty than sleep on the bill of fare, and I



Copyright EASTON NESTON: IN THE GALLERY. "C.L."

was tempted. When one carries a portable bed one is fairly independent, but why had I no misgivings here? The great winter stove on which the good woman of the place bakes her bread had been at full heat all day, and the men and women who lay there were like lumps of flesh in a thick stew of air. On the torn newspaper ceiling the flies walked about or buzzed down to settle on the faces of the sleepers. The place of honour was given me, the one bed with a rag of curtain. I was blessed and prayed for before the cottage ikons, which were set up in a further corner—perhaps I had need for prayer. . . .

At midnight, having passed through many adventures, I evacuated the position. Much difficulty there was among the legs of the sleepers; but an exit was achieved, and presently there was a ceiling of stars above me, and a cold breeze about. The cottage being in a swamped field, there was some further difficulty in extrication. Then came a series of *rencontres*. First a beggar, very drunk, and whirling a cudgel above his head, tells me he knows me, has seen me, has seen me in Moscow. Then a gendarme presents a bold aspect, but falls back judiciously since I do not hesitate in my stride. I am a suspicious-looking character. Watchmen, monks, with the night breeze blowing their hair about, I have encounters with these. But the night is very good and full of music. Never so many stars, never such a Milky Way, or such black unstarry patches, and the air is thrilling. The newspaper cottage is far away. Presently I discover the railway station, and here I am. It will soon be dawn. I have poured myself out the twelfth and thirteenth glasses of tea, very like hot water, and without sugar or milk. If I have caught any malady at the cottage I should be saved by this internal washing. I become the latest convert to the system of Dr. Sangrado of Gil Blas memory. . . . Two priests have arrived in the waiting-room. . . .

Ah! I hear that after all there will be a train home soon. . . .

I left the station at a run and was back at the newspaper cottage, and a half-dressed, half-sleeping woman let me in, got me my things, asked mournfully why it was I could not sleep. "Was it too hot, barin?" She blessed me and let me depart. Now the little village was in movement, the church bell was sounding and many little bells were tinkling; and many sleepy folk were making their way to church, for at dawn another great service commenced. At the waiting-room a service was begun. And now the night gave way to early



Copyright. AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE. "C.L."

bundles. A hundred yards distant a bright window gave a full light on to the night. A tavern was there, where stood a company with heated eyes, a wild, hairy people, who stormed and screamed and fell about. A glass of tea for me—also a bottle of black-currant water; the like of the latter we shall not

dusk, and the dark churches became dimly visible; the sleepy peasants rubbed their eyes. Presently a glorious sunrise began to flash upon the gold and silver ikons and softly and lowly with the incoming light the services in the churches proceeded

in sweet, melancholy music. The faces of the worshippers became less shadowy, and at last all was in full day. Then, too, my lazy train steamed away, and Sergievo and last night were both behind me.

MR. RHODES COBB'S JERSEYS.

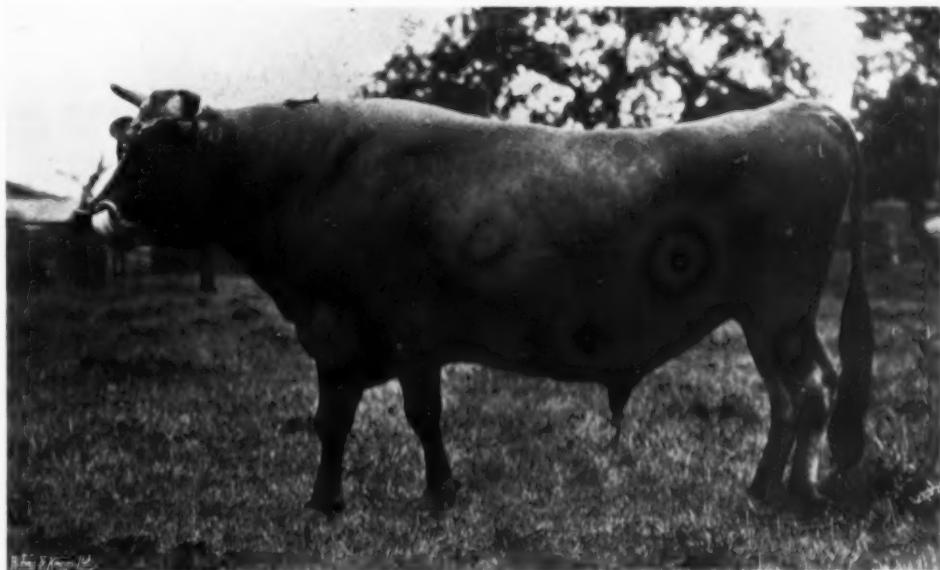


THE YOUNG ENTRY.

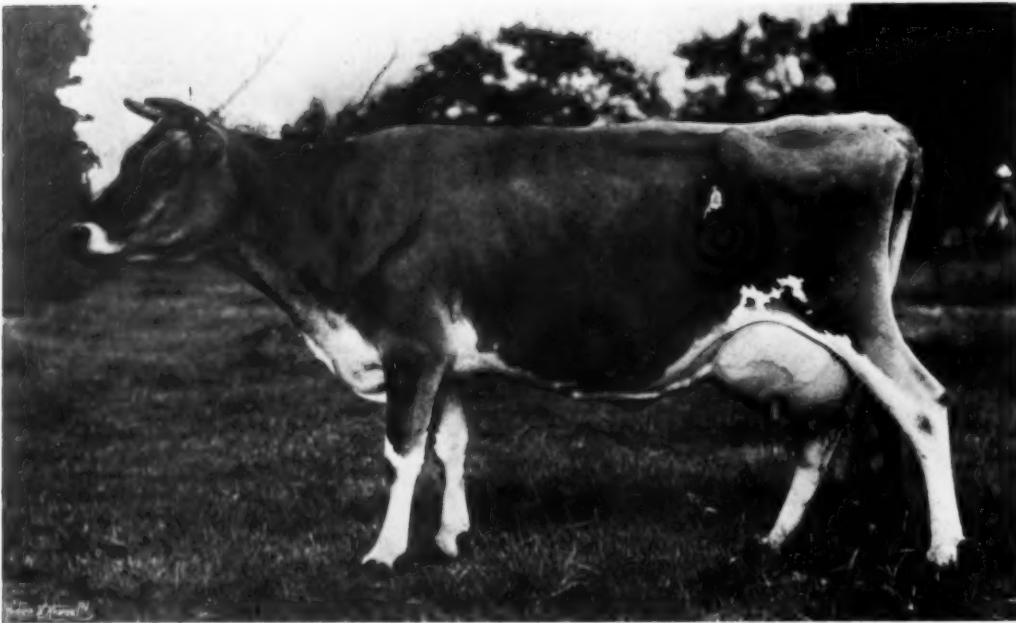
WITHIN an easy distance of London, namely, at Esher, may be seen one of the most attractive and interesting herds of Jerseys to be found in Great Britain at the present time. They belong to Mr. Rhodes Cobb, who started the herd in a small way at Beddington in 1891, and removed to Esher in 1900. During its later history the herd has increased considerably in numbers, and now has no fewer than seventy animals of all ages in it, so that it must be admitted that the little farm is well stocked. The farm consists of 100 acres, forty of which are arable and sixty pastoral, but additional grazing is procured on Sandown Park Racecourse. During summer the cattle are fed almost exclusively on grass, which is very good on the farm, partly owing to the high cultivation, and partly to the natural character of the herbage. The only exception made is in the case of cows which are milking heavily; to them a little of the best linseed cake is given once a day. During winter chaff and roots are used for feeding purposes, and in addition malt culms, or dried distillers' grains, bran and sometimes crushed oats with hay at nights. Cabbages are fed to the cows in the fields during October, November and December. It is customary to take the calves away from the cows at birth and feed them for the first few weeks on their mother's milk slightly weakened with warm water. It is said to be much better for the cows that they should be separated from the calves before they have had time to develop any fondness for them, as otherwise they are apt to pine and fret at parting with them. After the calves are done

with milk, they are gradually put on Bibby's cream equivalent or linseed, boiled. They are also tempted with crushed oats and bran and a little sweet hay. The cow-houses were designed and built by the owner with a view to economy, not only of labour but in hay and straw. Each stall is made to carry two cows, and the manger is almost on the ground, which allows the cow to lie with her head over it. Seven feet behind the manger is a square gutter the width of a broom. The main cow-house carries twenty-six cows; the heifers and young cows are brought up hardy and allowed to run in open yards, where they are fed with hay at night. It has been a consistent policy to recoup the herd from the Channel Islands, as our climate is not suitable for breeding them true to the island type. In the course of a few generations they tend to become coarse and approximate more to the Shorthorn type of cow. The opinion of Mr. Rhodes Cobb himself is that the only way is to keep importing bulls, but even then, the best specimens are few and far between. He is sure that the imported cattle are as good, if not better, milkers than these of English breeding,

and with proper care they are quite hardy enough. He adds: "I frequently visit the Island of Jersey. The shows there are in May and August and are most interesting to breeders, but the price of good cattle out there is far above most English buyers' ideas and good specimens very hard to buy. The American buyers have for some years been by far the largest buyers, and readily pay extravagant prices. But it has always been a surprise to me that they have not



GLORIOUS LAD.



FLYING FOX'S OPAL.



NARCISSUS.



HERMIONE II.

bought to any extent in England, as they could without doubt buy at the dispersal sales of our best herds, frequently held by John Thornton and Co., a large portion of their requirements, at prices far below what they pay for the same class of animal in Jersey, and would have the benefit of hardier animals."

Some of Mr. Cobb's other comments will be found of very particular interest indeed by those who keep Jerseys. On the question of cleanliness, for instance, he makes the following remark: "I have always been very particular about cleanliness in milking. The cows' udders are always washed before milking. I insist on my men washing their hands before milking every cow, and I believe that it is entirely due to this that I have not had a single bad udder for over four years." The importance of this it would be impossible to exaggerate, and in aiming at purity in butter cleanliness in milking is the first essential, as a very little amount of dirt will contaminate the whole churning, so rapidly do the microbes increase and multiply. On the question of milk fever he says: "I am a great believer in the new treatment of injecting air into the udder of a cow as a cure for drop or milk fever; it is a complaint that the best milkers in a herd are the most liable to. I have treated a number of cases this year without loss, and the animals have all done well afterwards. It can be done by any ordinary intelligent cowman with safety, and only requires care to have the instrument thoroughly sterilised before use."

In order to promote the health of the herd, he makes the cows lie out between March and September, only coming in night and morning to be milked. In winter they are sent out during the day, and only in very rough weather are they kept in altogether, so that they have the maximum amount of exercise and fresh air. Very great care has been taken to keep up the milk record, and careful records have been kept since 1900. The bad milkers are drafted out of the herd, with the result that only the best are left in. This spring, for example, there were seven cows at one time giving over 4gal. of milk per diem. They were: Amour, Victoria, Leonies Dainty, Flying Fox's Opal, Marceline, Narcissus and Hermione II. Golden Ferns Rose and a few others have also given over 4gal. Amour has given the greatest yield, over 10,000lb. per year for three years. She has had twelve calves, including two lots of twins, and is getting very old, but is still in good breeding condition. She won the silver medal in the butter tests and second prize in the milking cows at the Tunbridge

Wells Show in 1904, and at the Royal Counties Show in 1905 she gave over 5gal. of milk in a public test and got a certificate of merit. Hermione II., too, is a great milker, having also given over 10,000lb. for two years and very nearly that amount on two other occasions. She gave nearly 5gal. of milk at Tring Show last year. Leonies Dainty, who is ten years old, only just failed to give the 10,000lb. last year, but will probably do so this year. The herd has been exhibited at most of the leading shows since 1900, and last year secured two firsts at the Royal with Glorious Lad and Golden Ferns Rose. The herd is full of Golden Lad, Golden Ferns Lad and Flying Fox blood. Bulls from these celebrated strains have mostly been imported. Esher Boy, a home-bred bull, by Foxy out of Old Amour, was used, and has left some nice heifers with good udders. The celebrated bull, Glorious Lad, who has won in the last four years over twenty first and champion prizes, has been used during the last two years, and has left some very promising young bulls and heifers. His successor, Blue Blood, is by the bull Sultan of Oaklands, who was sold to go to America for £1,000. Bayleaf's Noble, also in the herd now, is by Noble of Oaklands, who is out of Mr. Miller Hallett's champion cow, Lady Viola; fabulous prices have been refused for mother and son from America. Portions of the herd from time to time were sold at auction in 1902, 1904 and 1906.

The following are a few notes about the most interesting animals in the herd, and they are especially valuable because they show the practical value of milk records at the same time that they give the results in exhibitions:

NARCISSUS.

(Calved March 6th, 1901.)

Gave from 1903-4	...	4,844lb. milk
" 1904-5	...	6,190 "
" 1905-6	...	6,280 "
" 1906-7	...	7,741 "
" 1907-8	...	7,992 "

Narcissus won in 1905, first prize, Guildford; 1906, second prize, Croydon; 1907, first prize, Guildford, second prize, Croydon, third prize, Tring; 1908, first prize, Croydon; second prize, Royal Counties.

WESTERN STAR.

(Calved July 1st, 1898.)

Gave from 1902-3	...	5,063lb. milk
" 1903-4	...	4,369 "
" 1904-5	...	5,448 "
" 1905-6	...	6,280 "
" 1906-7	...	7,741 "
" 1907-8	...	2,108 "

(up to May.)

Western Star won in 1899, second, Jersey Show; 1901, second, Tring, third, Tunbridge Wells; 1903, second, Dairy Show, second, Gloucestershire Show; 1905, third, Tunbridge Wells, third, Tring; 1906, third, Croydon.



WESTERN STAR (DRY).



GOLDEN FERNS ROSE (DRY).



LEONIES DAINTY.

FLYING FOX'S OPAL.

(Calved April 1st, 1901.)

Gave in 1904-5 ... 7,991lb milk
(as a three year old)

Unfortunately we have not got any more of her records, but they would be very large.

Won in 1903, first, Kent Show, second, Somerset, reserve, Bath and West Show; 1904, v.h.c., Royal Counties, Tunbridge Wells, Tring and others.

HERMIONE II.

(Calved December 12th, 1900.)

Gave in 1904-5 ... 10,393lb milk

" 1905-6 ... 9,780 "

" 1906-7 ... 8,250 "

" 1907-8 ... 8,527 "

Won in 1907 third prize milking trials, Tring Show.

LEONIES DAINTY.

(Calved March 12th, 1899)

Gave in 1904-5 ... 6,748lb milk

" 1905-6 ... 7,297 "

" 1906-7 ... no record

" 1907-8 ... 9,795lb milk

Won in 1901, third prize, Jersey Show; 1905, first prize, Devon Show, first prize, Croydon Show, and reserve, Sussex Show.

GLORIOUS LAD.

Whole colour, calved May 2nd, 1902, bred by J. Le Sueur, Jersey.

Sire, Foxhill (7208); dam, Glorious. Won in 1903, first, Shropshire, first, Gloucestershire, first, Tring, second, Derby, second, Royal, third, Dairy Show; 1904, first, Yorkshire, first, Doncaster, third, Dairy Show, third, Royal Counties, first, Bath and West; 1905, first and champion, Royal, first and champion, Sussex, first, Bath and West, first, Tring, first, Gloucestershire, first, Derby, first, Tunbridge Wells,



AMOUR.

second, Hereford, second, Worcester, third, Oxford, third, Royal Counties, third, Somerset. 1906, first and champion, Royal, first and champion, Tring, first, Northants, second, Lancashire; 1907, first and champion, Royal, first, Guildford, first, Croydon, first, Tunbridge Wells, second, Tring; 1908, first, Croydon, fourth, Royal Counties, fourth, Sussex, third, Tunbridge Wells, and others.

LITERATURE.

THE GENIUS OF WOMAN.

Her Infinite Variety, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen and Co.)

UNDER this charming title Mr. Lucas has given yet another proof of his skill as an anthologist. This time it is a collection of the good things in prose and verse written or sung of women and their ways; a fruitful subject which leads the collector off the beaten tracks into the remote places of English literature; the wayside flowers, the dear nobodies, found there go side by side with the stately dames of literary and historic fame. From the opening "Buds" with which the book begins to the "Dead Ladies" at the end a whole world of womankind is passed before the reader. Poet, novelist and historian open their hearts, whether it be to portray an immortal sister like Dorothy Wordsworth, a perfect creation like Clara Middleton, or a marvel of ability and wit like Lady Ashburton. Here are the grave and the gay, the brilliant and the commonplace; great ladies and humble lassies, the pious and the worldly, and the many others who, like the doubly-endowed Dame Dorothy Selby, hold a stake in this world and the next, and of whom it may be said

She was
In heart a Lydia and in tongue a Hanna,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna,
Prudently simple, providentially wary,
To the world a Martha and to Heaven a Mary.

In the very first quotation—the prologue, as it were, to the rest—first-created man, after experiencing life for a short time both with and without a companion, comes to his Creator in despair, confessing that he cannot live either with her or without her. And every succeeding generation has had to wrestle with the same problem; there is never a time when it is safe to take a woman for granted. At times more wild than tractable, more of a torment than a delight, she never fails to justify the most striking characterisation that has ever been given of her, "Varium et mutabile semper femina." In failing to understand her, it is of little use to scorn her like the Oriental, whose daily prayer is one of thanks that he was born a man and not a woman; or to reiterate the ancient argument that "a woman has no soul, no not so much as a goose." That was finally refuted when the Blessed Virgin declared, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." More salutary is it to ponder on Ruskin's deductions from his study of Shakespeare and Walter Scott. "It is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never by any chance the youth who watches over or educates his mistress. . . . Infinitely faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save." The anthology begins with the baby girls, and among them, of course, Marjorie Fleming stands out triumphant, head and shoulders above the others in wit and charming naughtiness, though a certain Mistress Mary Prideaux, a heroine of William Strode, runs her close in precocity. This seven year old baby "Took up now what due was at three-score." We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that she died at the same early age "more like a mother than a child." Girlhood has never inspired the poets to any great degree, and we are sorry in such a scanty company to miss any mention of Evelina. George

Meredith's "Marian" had surely dipped over the borders of womanhood before he could say of her

She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

Even Hartley Coleridge's young lady, "whose frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are," must have been long out of short petticoats. Joan of Arc, the youngest and most girlish of them all, has to leave the group of her gay companions to take her place in the ranks of the heroines. Wonderful Joan! Assuredly a miracle of God; how melodramatic after yours is the heroism of a Charlotte Corday or a Madame Rolande! De Quincey is well chosen as the delineator of this strangely-gifted child. He saw through all the glamour of that brilliant career the simple-hearted goodness that inspired her. "Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl!" he exclaimed, "whom from earliest youth ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice. To suffer and to die that was thy portion in life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself." The titles under which the ladies are grouped are all suggestive. There is little to choose between the Paragons, the Blues, Characters and Friends of the Courtly; but they are all excellent company, quite as good as those which come under the specified title "Good Company." "Aunts and Grandmothers are a pleasant, homely group and the Tyrants are most of them delightful." "Shakespeare's Women" and "Walter Scott's Ladies"—observe the distinction—are beyond reproach; but most entertaining of all, if comparisons can be made in such an august assembly, are the women of "Addison and Steele's Gallery." There is Clarinda, who naively confides to Mr. Spectator the arduous duties of her days. "Wednesday: From Eight till Ten. Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em. From Ten to Eleven. Eat a slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the Spectator. From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow. Mem. I look best in Blue. From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a Couple of Fans." But it is not this lady, but Mrs. Truelove, who earnestly commends her "Female Readers" to remember that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. "It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy." "The reading Lady, far gone in the pleasures of Friendship," in other words, "The Perverse Widow," is Sir Richard Steele's best contribution to these elegant women. "She is always accompanied by a Confidant, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations." Notwithstanding the bar, Sir Roger has to confess, "I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her, but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. O the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men." Mr. Lucas has a genius for anthologies, as he showed by "The Open Road"; nothing has ever

been quite so good as that, but *Her Infinite Variety* will be a delightful book to possess. It is a book, like all that come from that pen, to carry round in the pocket or to leave open on the table; it contains many a useful repartee to the scoffing male, many an adroit piece of flattery for the latest divinity, many a crushing criticism calculated to bring down the pride of the most overbearing sister. But from the book—stronger than any individual quotation, stronger even than the dominant types, brilliant and clear cut as many of them are—stands out the composite portrait of the genius of woman. It is for this we have to thank Mr. Lucas. Only his wide reading and unerring taste could have made from so much material just such an anthology, satisfying the most exacting; an inspiration and an ideal. The dainty symbolism of the cover is a characteristic addition. An owl and a dove perch side by side with something suspiciously like a mirror between them, and entwined in the wreath over which love sits triumphant are symbols of the arts over which woman reigns.

M. M. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

In Praise of Hampshire.

SMALLER than Yorkshire, less beautiful than Devon, with no lake or mountain, like the shires of Wales, with no magnificent coast-line, like that of Cornwall, there is yet about Hampshire some charm, not too easily defined—subtle, elusive, but none the less compelling. Perhaps the county has been more happy than most in its open-air chroniclers. Gilbert White, the second Earl of Malmesbury and Colonel Peter Hawker were a fine trio, and in Mr. Dewar's *Life and Sport in Hampshire* (Longmans) they find a not unworthy successor. Mr. Dewar loves his woods. He is not without affection for the rolling downs sweet with thyme, for those Hampshire uplands, of which, round Winchester, a tonic freshness is the keynote. He is sensible of the personality of all wild places after dark; but even better than the high places, he loves the woods, with their birds and butterflies and undergrowth. Perhaps his most admirable quality is an almost complete sympathy with the wild creatures, of whom seemingly only the bats—*Divine obscene volucres*; harpies of the eerie hour between the lights—are excluded from his friendship; with other flying creatures, both birds and insects, he is in perfect accord, though even here he has his favourites, one of which is the song-thrush, the "essential" song-thrush, without which English woods would hardly be themselves, since, unlike the majority of our song-birds, silent in extremes of temperature, the song-thrush has something to say all the year round. Mr. Dewar has curious standards by which to appraise these woodland choristers. Thus the song-thrush has "class" and the nightingale is "brilliant." There is just a touch of artificiality about these Queen's Hall canons of criticism, but on the whole they fit well enough. Another estimable quality in our author, which he has revealed in former books, one of them also singing the praises of his native county, is a well-controlled enthusiasm when writing of the wild creatures, in marked and welcome contrast to the flights of some modern pens. An extreme reluctance to credit them with human instincts and powers of reasoning marks the highest level of this desirable temperance. Those who rhapsodise on the miracle of bird migration may read Mr. Dewar with advantage. He doubts the alleged weather-wisdom of the wanderers. He equally doubts their foresight. He regards them rather as toys of the wind, without teachers, without leaders, moving over lands and seas in a state of well-ordered anarchy. This tendency to recognise our own powers of reasoning in the birds is ludicrous. Were they so endowed there would be an end of shooting, for, clearly, pheasants would run for ever, partridges would break back over the beaters' heads and there would be no more rookeries. Mr. Dewar is an all-round sportsman. Best, perhaps, he loves the rod, and best of all the witchery of the chalk stream, the hardest of fishing amid the loveliest of South Country scenery, the matching yourself against a trout you see the whole time—"the very sauce of angling." This is the "friendly," the companionable sport, and the only form of shooting comparable to it is a quiet day with a dog, without all the panoply of a big day with keepers, luncheons and heavy gratuities. His pages meander companionably through Hampshire woods and beside Hampshire streams; here an hour with the pheasant and woodcock, there a little pause amid bees and bugloss. Throughout the book, with its pleasant photographs and easy unaffected text, is the comradeship of Nature, by which our author rightly sets such store as a rest from what he, perhaps a little sententiously, calls the "weight of carnal cares."

With Needle and Bobbin.

Chats on Old Lace and Needlework, by Mrs. Lowes (T. Fisher Unwin) is not equal to some others of the "Chats" Series. The word Renaissance is used in a very loose sense. The fabrication of fine laces is considerably subsequent to the Renaissance, yet Mrs. Lowes gives an illustration of Point d'Angleterre (which dates from the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century) as of "the best period when the glorious Renaissance was at its height"! The short bibliography and the text abound with errors that cannot, by any stretch of charity, be described as "printer's." Figures introduced into French, Italian and Brussels laces are assigned, not to the wish of the designers to include the human figure in their decorative schemes, but to the "overwhelming personality of Louis XIV.," and said to be "symbolical of his magnificent sway and far-reaching influence"! Flanders is stated to have produced paintings in which "the portraits are adorned with lace as early as the fourteenth century. An altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, dated 1495, shows a girl making pillow lace"; but both these statements are entirely unfounded. The altar-piece at Louvain, which is attributed to Quentin Matsys—presumably the one referred to—shows no representation of lace-making; and this very error was corrected in Mrs. Palisser's "History of Lace" (ed. 1902). On page 29 lace is confused with the very different and earlier *tacis*, or darning upon net; and in another passage *punto in aria* is defined as working with the "needle-point in the air"! To come to more technical details, it is not correct to say that "the chief characteristic of Venetian lace is the button-hole cor'lionnet," or to assume

that horsehair was invariably used in the cor'lionnet of Alençon lace. In the plate entitled, "Italian and French Cut and Drawn Work and Lacis," no example of drawn work is illustrated. Valenciennes is given two small plates, entitled "Early" and "Old" respectively—hardly a helpful method of dating them; and neither piece represents a really early type of Valenciennes. The illustrations, when not of specimens from the well-known Victoria and Albert Museum collection, are not well chosen, torn and inferior pieces of lace being frequently utilised. Enough has been said to show that the book is not a reliable guide and, in addition, it is not always written in the best taste.

Poet and Painter.

The volume of *Drawings of Watteau* (Newnes), which has just been published with a glowing preface by Octave Uzanne, shows the great master in what to many of his admirers will be an entirely new light. It seems almost paradoxical to describe the painter of formal gardens peopled by the leading characters of Italian comedy, of elegant ladies and gentlemen indulging in infinitely graceful coquetries, of fairyland scenes instinct with poetry and imagination as a realist; but an unrivalled realist his drawings undoubtedly prove him to have been. Some of his pictures, especially the exquisite "Toilette du Matin," now in the Wallace Collection also reveal this side of his genius, and indeed, if any of them are studied attentively, it will be clear that his illusory impalpable landscapes and backgrounds, are founded, like his male and female figures, on a close observation of Nature.

ETON'S TRIBUTE TO THE WAR.

FOR the last few years Eton people have been watching the growth of the new Memorial Hall in the very heart of the school, with contempt, a certain dismay and an apathy tinged with incredulity. Whenever anything is to be done at Eton, there is no lack of derisive obstruction and still more, irritating indifference; the academic mind is more familiar with the blue pencil of correction than with the red letters of approval. And it should be added that when, in spite of protest and opposition, the enterprise, whatever it may be, is carried through successfully, the critical body of public opinion does not easily digest the pailfuls of its own abuse which it is forced to swallow. Even now it is only the original enthusiasts, the casually sanguine and a few generous sceptics who are completely satisfied by the Memorial Buildings, and only the impartial verdict of posterity which can decide whether or not Eton has raised a monument of lasting beauty and value in memory of those Etonians who lost their lives for their country in the South African War.

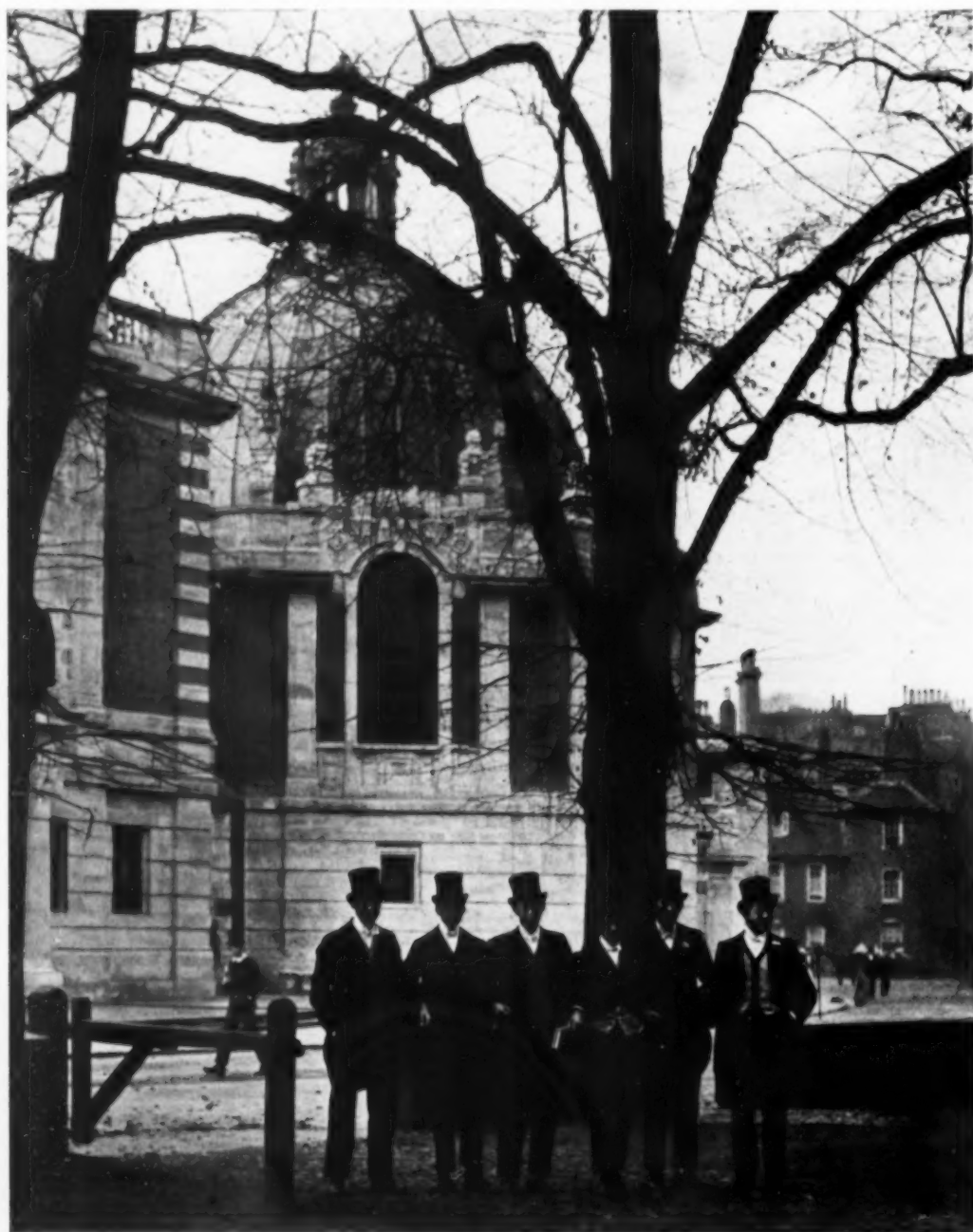
On Wednesday, November 18th, His Majesty the King will open these buildings in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, several members of the Royal Family, a large number of Old Etonians, the Provost and Fellows of the College and the masters and boys of the school, as the official account tells us. There will be a guard of honour formed by the Eton College Rifle Volunteers, whose former adjutant, Major Myers, one of the first Englishmen to be killed in the war, by his gifts to the school during life and by his bequests at his death, has formed the nucleus of the new museum with his Egyptian collections, and has made the library better adapted to the tastes of boyhood than it was before by his presentation of good novels and books of travel and biography. When His Majesty the King reaches the dais, looking westwards up the great Hall, at the other end of which the whole school will be standing, 1,100 boys, on the platform or on the floor, while visitors and Eton residents will line the walls and passages to right and left, "O God, our help in ages past" will be sung. Prayers will be said by one or other of the Eton bishops present, addresses will be presented by the Provost and the head of the school, the sixth form will parade before the Royal dais in "speech" costume. His Majesty will reply; and then the ode, which has been specially written by Mr. Robert Bridges and set to music by Sir Hubert Parry, will be sung, followed by Dr. C. H. Lloyd's March, for which Mr. A. C. Ainger, the secretary of the Memorial Fund, has written stirring words. Then His Majesty will be shown all over the buildings, the museum and the great domed library, and will drive away; in a day or two the workmen will be crawling over it again and white-coated sculptors will sit on the front of the Hall high up, with chisel and mallet, no one will be admitted except on business, and the great ceremony will be forgotten. But the buildings will be there, dominating the whole of Eton, with massive ornamentation and dull red brickwork, rousing the admiration of strangers and the caustic comments of the few grumblers. And in good time, next Michaelmas probably, when the boys come back from the summer holidays, they will find everything open for their use, the Hall for lectures and concerts, the library like a cosier Radcliffe Camera, the books uneasily lounging on shelves, where at last they have breathing space, Mr. Burcher (I hope) still indefatigably attending to the needs of each reader, and peeping every now

and then through a little window which opens into the museum, to see that no one is breaking the glass cases or brandishing Egyptian scimitars. When all this happens, and Eton has settled down to the new order of things, everybody will wonder how the old order was tolerated for so long as it was: memories of the days when the head-master harangued 500 boys in Upper School, of the fetid stacks of singers and audience piled layer upon layer in College Hall for school concerts, of the impossible crowding of the old school library on Sunday afternoons, will be treasured with regret only by the incurably sentimental.

Sentiment must play a large part in the life of a school, and the growth of nobler and more spacious buildings to meet the numerical needs of Eton is not easily reconciled with the loss of the familiar houses and favourite views so closely bound

remember the site of the Memorial before it was cleared. The towering tragedy of "Wolley Dod's"—that monstrous mass of yellow brick, ornamented with fire-escape ladders, which was known as "Tatham's" in its latter days and was so well satirised in Mr. Luxmoore's Eton book—may have been played to its bitter finish without more than a few quixotic sighs from the spectators of the demolition. But who that ever saw the little white houses standing where now the steps of the Hall sweep proudly into the pavement can remember them without regret? What man of sensibility, as they used to say in those good old forgotten times, can think with equanimity of the disappearance of "Ben Drury's," the house where that quaintest of all Eton masters, even in an age which had Keate for head-master, lived and taught his pupils with so wise and scholarly an eloquence that strangers were

drawn to the windows of pupil-room to hear the little man construing a Greek lesson; where often after school in the evenings a chariot was drawn up against the pavement ready to whirl Ben Drury and his colleague Knapp and perhaps one or two favourite boys away to London and the playhouse and the supper-rooms and many a mad incredible scene; where Major Hexter, J.P., the drawing-master, lived—and an odd little man *he* was, too, chiefly known for one anecdote and because Shelley boarded with him for a while; where, finally, and most importantly, Mother Hatton's sock shop was? She had lived in a house somewhere about the site of Mr. Kindersley's house and not far from Spiers's sock shop, which stood at the corner of New Schools just opposite the entrance to Weston's Yard, and attracted all the boys by its central position. Then Mother Hatton moved to the house which most of us can remember as divided from Tatham's only by the police station (a triangular cupboard from which constables were occasionally evolved), and it is quite possible that Mother Hatton would merely rank with half-forgotten names, Spiers and Joe Heath and Spankay and the rest, if it had not happened that the Eton Society was born and bred in the back room of that little white house. Everybody either knows everything about the Eton Society, or nothing; at any rate, I have no space here to recount the history of "Pop," or to tell of its early members and their wonderful speeches, the fluctuations of its prosperity, the changes in its aspirations and standards, or the developments which have made that purely literary debating society of 1829 into the supreme athletic and social club of to-day. Enough to say that it derives its nickname



H. W. Nicholls.

THE MEMORIAL HALL AT ETON.

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up with earlier generations of Etonians. A four-poster may be a very handsome article of furniture in itself; but it is not likely to be regarded with great favour at first in the nursery if it ousts the beloved cot of childhood, and makes all the dear, broken furniture, the worn-out toys and the fairy-tale wall-paper look insignificant and ashamed. This, I think, is what some people feel when they see the Memorial Buildings; they admit that the four-poster is a fine one, and they try to tell each other that really the dear boy could not go on sleeping in that little cot all his life, and an old uncle suggests that perhaps it is rather a big leap from a cot to a four-poster; would not a medium-sized unpretentious boy's bed have done just as well?

There are very few, if any, boys in the school to-day who

"Pop" from *popina*, the Latin word for sock shop, and that its first enterprises were hatched somewhere in the new Memorial Library. And in offering to Mr. A. C. Ainger, the indefatigable secretary and organiser of the Memorial Fund, all good wishes for the triumphant completion of his great undertaking and every congratulation on his unflinching energy and success, it only remains to warn the younger generation that all the glorious associations and traditions of the school must be enshrined in the new buildings, just as the treasures of the school library, the picture of Miss Evans and the busts of famous Etonians will find another home there. And the warning is not unnecessary. Anybody who has seen the Hall and the library will admit that it is not easy to live up to a four-post bed. CHRISTOPHER STONE.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE GOLF AT CANNES.

MR. MACFIE, in his general review of "Winter Golfing Quarters," gave it as his conviction that the course of the Cannes Golf Club was the best on the Riviera. He adds, however, that he has seen no other, and therefore cannot speak with authority. Probably his view, though it is second hand (or eye) only, is to be accepted. The course itself is at Napoule, which is five miles from Cannes. The train, however—if this is of importance in days of motors everywhere—runs to Napoule itself. The subscription to the club is £4, with a £6 entrance fee, and visitors are admitted, on the introduction of members, at 5fr. a day. The course is of eighteen holes and is a good test of accurate golf, though long driving hardly has its full value. These Riviera greens are, it need hardly be said, grass greens. You do not there regard a tuft of vegetable matter as something in the nature of an alarming hazard, as you have to regard it at Las Palmas and, in a less degree, at Cairo. The hon. secretary of the Cannes Golf Club is Mr. J. M. Shelton, Union Club, Napoule, Cannes.

OTHER COURSES ON THE RIVIERA.

It has been suggested that the golfing winter pilgrim should spend the first of the cold months in Egypt, for the climate's sake, gradually, as the weather becomes more to be relied on, working north and west, for the golf's sake. Now if he come to Marseilles on his way from Egypt, the first course on the Riviera that he will light on will be Hyères. Here, again, he will have a very fair eighteen-hole course, pleasantly situated among trees and hills which give shelter from that abominable wind, reviled by Mr. Macfie, the mistral. It is only just over a mile from the town. The subscription is 125fr. for the season, with 50fr. entrance for permanent members, and smaller sums for shorter periods. Ladies pay 100fr. only. The secretary is Mr. G. H. Logan. Should the golfer from Egypt make his approach by the other way, along the coast-line from Genoa, he will first encounter San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, of golfing interest. The course is a nine-hole one, and is actually at Taggia, which is fifteen minutes' run in the train from San Remo itself. It lies beautifully, with olive groves about it. The subscription is £4 a year for men and £2 for ladies, with suitable reductions on taking larger quantities. The hon. secretaryship seems to be changing hands, but, doubtless, intending visitors would receive answers to enquiries if they wrote to Mr. H. K. Brodie, care of American Agency, San Remo. Between San Remo and Cannes lies the course of the Nice Golf Club, at Cagnes, or within half a mile of Cagnes Station, Cagnes itself being eight miles from Nice, with a quick and frequent service of trains and trams and a brake from the station to the club. It is an eighteen-hole course, of moderate length and much variety of hazard. The subscriptions are within a few francs the same as at the other Riviera courses, but the entrance fee is only 20fr. It is to be understood that although these are on the seaboard, or near it, none of them is seaside links, in the technical sense. The ground is not "links" at all, but all the golf is of the "inland" character. The hon. secretary of this club is Mr. J. R. Hay-Gordon, and his address, Nice Golf Club, Cagnes, Alpes Maritimes, France.

APOLOGIES TO THE UNNAMED.

There are other courses, such as that of Costebelle, which has eighteen holes and Mr. Peylon as its hon. secretary, and there is a nine-hole course, lately started, at Grasse; but these must be left with an apology for their scant notice, just as courses like those at Helouan and Assouan, even at Khar-toum and various other stations of the military in Egypt, have to be left similarly, for lack of space. Moreover, the important golfing stations in each locality being discussed

briefly, the golfer may go there for a start and inspect others with his own eye. This is better than wearying him with a geography lesson. The next and final notes on the golfer's winter pilgrimage will be on the country of Pau and Biarritz.

GOLF IN EGYPT.

A correspondent informs us that the statement that the annual payment to the Khedivial Sporting Club at Cairo is £1 may mislead the intending Egyptian golfer. The subscription for temporary members is, in fact, £1 a week.

BRAID AND VARDON AT WALLASEY.

Wallasey was a very short and very hilly links a few years ago; in fact, it was a sort of small Sandwich as regards length and a greater Sandwich as regards blindness. Of late years the course has been considerably lengthened and improved, and it now affords most delightful golf. Possibly it is still too hilly to be regarded as quite a first-class test of golf; and in this respect the contrast between it and its neighbour, Hoylake, is most marked. Vardon and Braid had their last serious encounter of the year there last Saturday, and Braid succeeded in winning the match after standing two down and five to play. So the champion is finishing his great year in truly characteristic fashion.

OXFORD AT WOKING.

A new method of scoring was adopted in the match between Oxford and Woking last Saturday. The details of this method were dealt with in these columns two weeks ago. Briefly the method consists in playing each match by holes, each hole counting one point, and adding ten points for each match won. The result of the match at Woking on Saturday was that Oxford proved successful by 63 points to 53. Had the match been played by holes a tie would have resulted, each side scoring thirteen holes up; as it was, the allowance of ten points for a match caused Oxford, who won five matches to Woking's four, to win by the ten points in question. Or, again, had Mr. Mansfield Hunter won his match instead of halving it, each side would have won five matches, but Woking would have won the whole match by one point. The new method certainly seemed a successful one from every point of view; the necessity of all matches being played to the

last hole should make an afternoon's golf more enjoyable and more interesting for the visiting side. However, whether the new method of scoring be good or not, Oxford's performance was certainly a fine one, for the Woking side looked excellent—on paper. But on the links the leading players were not in their best form, while Mr. Robertson-Durham, Mr. Hooman and Mr. Landale thoroughly deserved their victories. These three players are all very fine and promising golfers, while Mr. Finch-Hatton, who halved with Mr. Mansfield Hunter, is capable of brilliant, if somewhat erratic, golf. Mr. Mills, too, is a player of great power; he frequently hits drives worthy of Mr. Blackwell at his best, but his short game is poor in comparison, which is a pity, for he is splendidly built for the game. Certainly Oxford should develop into a far stronger side than they have been for years. In other ways the match was remarkable for the reappearance of Mr. Humphrey Ellis, probably the best player that ever represented a University side.

CAMBRIDGE GOLF.

Cambridge played two matches last week—one against Great Yarmouth, which they won, and one against the Royal Norwich Club, which they lost. On neither occasion were they fully represented. Like Oxford, they should develop into a good side, as, in addition to the six or seven old choices, who played last year, they have two other very promising players in Mr. Ireland and Mr. Walker. The former player is a nephew of Mr. F. S. Ireland, the old Blackheath



LORD CLONMELL.

golfer. Possibly he inherits from his uncle the power of hitting a long iron shot out of a muddy lie. It was once a very effective stroke at Blackheath, and it is none the less effective on some inland links at this season of the year.

LONDON PRESS SOCIETY'S MEETING.

Mr. Godwin Smith is a player who would very much more often be seen at the head of the list in competitions if his health were better. It is on that account all the more pleasant to note that he returned the best scratch score at the meeting of the London Press Golfing Society. This year's qualifying competition was held on the new course of the Tooting Bec Club, next door to the Prince's Club's course on Mitcham Common. Mr. S. J. Southerton was the final winner of this competition last year. The conditions are that the eight best net scorers in the qualifying round play off by matches. At this year's qualifying meeting Mr. Guy FfEstrange, who was in the final last year with Mr. Southerton, sent in the lowest net score of 80, with seven handicap, and Mr. Godwin Smith, at scratch, was equal second with three others—a striking testimony to the fine point to which the handicapping has been brought down. Mr. Southerton tied for the eighth and last qualifying place with Mr. Godwin Smith, and when the tie was played off at Ashford Manor the latter won rather easily, so this year will see a new holder of the cup.

DISTANCE TRAVERSED IN MOWING A GREEN.

The things which happen daily before our eyes are often those about which our judgments are most widely at fault. This attention observation is suggested by the criticism of a certain member of a certain green committee, who assuredly ought to have known better, that a greenman ought to be able to roll a green in a quarter of an hour. By "green," thus used, we have to understand, beyond question, a green of the normal size, normally level, so as to present no peculiar obstacles to the passage of the roller. If it were particularly mountainous, evidently the estimate must be altered. Let us take, then, the normal green at 30yds. square, which is a fair calculation, and give it a level surface. I am informed by a man who is a professional green-keeper and has worked the thing out (and prefer to take his statement for granted because my own mathematics are weak) that to mow a green of this size (to mow, note, not to roll) the mower has to walk within a very few yards of three miles. He says that the actual distance is about 14yds. less. A roller, as a rule, is a little wider than the "one-man mowing-machine," probably of the "Pennsylvania" type which is most commonly used on golf greens; so to roll a green would require rather less walking on the green-man's part than to mow it. Nevertheless, it is evident that even for the rolling the distance to be traversed must surprise the man who thinks that the operation should be concluded in a quarter of an hour. He might be somewhat put to it to cover the same ground himself in a "go-as-you-please race," without any such slight encumbrance as a roller, and without the necessity of turning with the machine at the end of each 30yds. It will be of much assistance to green committees to get a clear conception of the character of the tasks which those under their command are called upon to perform. This year the mowing task has been quite an abnormally heavy one, because of the growth of grass continuing so late in the mild weather of the autumn.

MR. J. A. ROBERTSON-DURHAM.

Mr. Robertson-Durham has done yeoman service for Oxford for the last three years, and no doubt he will again prove a thorn in the side of Cambridge in 1909. In his first year his play was of a rather variable and erratic quality, but in 1907 he played magnificently and beat Mr. Gordon Barry by a pocketful of holes. In 1908, when he was captain, he made one of the most brilliant recoveries imaginable, for after being six down to Mr. Longstaffe at lunch, he actually managed to be one up at the turn in the second round and ultimately won comfortably enough. His driving down wind is such as to draw from the spectator the tribute of a smothered "oh" of astonishment, usually reserved for a pyrotechnic display; indeed, if he could always have the wind behind him he would be the longest hitter in



MR. J. A. ROBERTSON-DURHAM.

the world. The characteristics of his driving are repeated in his putting, for he hits the ball boldly at the back of the hole, and is alarmingly good on his day. Mr. Robertson-Durham is also a fine Rugby football player, and it is only the *embarras des richesses*, which enables Oxford to treat even International players as beneath her notice, that has kept him out of his Blue.

THE EARL OF CLONMELL.

Lord Clonmell is a well-known figure at Walton Heath, Westward Ho! and Mid-Surrey. He is a keen sportsman, and does not confine his attention to golf, being much interested in racing, boxing and shooting.

THE LADIES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Play in the final stages of this competition began at Watlington on Tuesday. The counties left in are Sussex, Worcestershire, Lancashire and Somerset. Worcestershire and Sussex went out first, and the former won by four matches to three, the most interesting struggle being that between Miss Foster and Mrs. Brown, only decided at the nineteenth hole, in which Mrs. Brown missed her drive and eventually had to give up the hole. Lancashire defeated Somerset by four matches to three. In the afternoon Somerset was beaten by Sussex by four matches to three. Lancashire defeated Worcestershire by five matches to two. Here Miss Foster distinguished herself by going out in forty-one, and beating Mrs. Gardner by seven up and five to play.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

HOW wonderfully the world of golf has changed was forcibly brought to the notice of the delegates at their meeting on Saturday last, when Mr. Hall Blyth described the foundation of the amateur championship. All the clubs of any importance were asked to subscribe to a fund so that a challenge cup could be procured and played for annually. The result was that some twenty odd clubs joined together, the cup was bought and the championship started. I wonder how many clubs would come forward under a similar call now! Several hundreds I should think. One result of the date at which the championship was founded is seen in the meagre representation of English clubs. This is, of course, only natural, for in 1887-8 golf was practically unknown to English sportsmen, and the great rush to learn the game and make new greens all over the country did not really begin till a year or two later. Things have, however, changed a good deal since those days; England began to clamour for equal representation with Scotland, and Ireland, too, has put in a claim. Finally, the affair was complicated by a whisper that the two English courses were not even the best available.

When, therefore, the delegates met in May at Sandwich, three notices of motion were on the agenda. The first was that Westward Ho! be made a championship green, the second that an Irish green be added to the championship list, and the third that Deal be admitted into the championship circle. After much discussion the whole question was remitted to a committee of the following clubs: The Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company, the Prestwick, the Royal Liverpool, the Royal St. George's and the Royal Blackheath, the object being to have an equal number of English and Scotch clubs represented. After a long discussion the committee was unable to agree on any scheme of alteration, and advised that no change should be made. This course did not commend itself to golfers on either side of the Tweed, as it was felt that a change of some sort was bound to come, and that to put it off would serve no useful purpose. It seems to have struck several of us that the best plan of all

would be to follow the excellent example of the Ladies' Golf Union, abolish the present rota of five greens, and for the future choose a green every year on which the championship should be played two years later; an amendment to that effect was, in fact, unanimously carried by the delegates present.

The delegates could not, of course, bind their respective clubs, as this new proposal had not gone before their committees, except in the case of the Royal North Devon Club, who had given me their sanction to such a change being made. The result of this step will be to enable the clubs to go to any green in the United Kingdom which they consider suitable. They will, of course, have to appoint a committee to visit various greens and report to the general body, who will then make their selection. This appears to me to be a most sensible arrangement, and infinitely preferable to a hard and fast rota; it will not in any way lessen the importance of such greens as St. Andrews, Prestwick or Hoylake, and it will give golfers a chance of seeing what a magnificent green Westward Ho! now is, to say nothing of others, such as Rye, Harlech and one of the Irish greens.

Another matter which has lately been a burning question is the excessively large entry. The sub-committee were asked to consider this also, and they have recommended that no one shall be eligible who is not a scratch player at the club from which he enters. Further than that, he must have been scratch on January 1st in the year of his entry, and his entry must be approved by the committee of his club. This is, no doubt, a step in the right direction; but I fear it will not go far enough, and before long we shall have to have a qualifying stage. I can see no hardship in asking all players who are not Internationals, or who have never won a bronze, silver or gold medal at the amateur championship, to play thirty-six holes by medal play on the Friday and Saturday previous to the competition proper. This would enable the numbers to be reduced to sixty-four, and would add greatly to the interest in the match play part of the event. However, time will show if the new departure will do all that is required. The delegates were afraid that such a qualifying stage might be hard on the

artisan golfer, who has not much time to spare. If this is really so I should be the last to advocate it; but my experience leads me to believe that anyone with a serious chance arrives on the course at least as early as the Wednesday or Thursday previous. At any rate, Saturday's meeting, at which sixteen clubs were represented, has made a move forward which will have the general approval of golfers all over the kingdom.

W. HERBERT FOWLER.

LAW AND THE LAND.

MENTION has already been made in these columns of the Newbury highway case, in which the inhabitants of two small hamlets succeeded in establishing that a road, admittedly a churchway, was a highway for all purposes. The point has recently been before the Court of Appeal, which affirmed the decision of Mr. Justice Warrington, and laid down the law that a landowner cannot dedicate a road to the public for such purposes only as are annexed to a churchway—that is, of going to and coming away from the parish church—and further, which is, perhaps, more important, endorsed the earlier judgment that although neither the tenant for life of an estate nor the remainder man can separately dedicate a highway across the land, yet both together can do so; and where the circumstances are such that a concurrent dedication can fairly be presumed, there is nothing in law to prevent such a presumption arising. If, therefore, the occupier of an estate and the person entitled in remainder desire to prevent rights of way being acquired over the land, they must be diligent to rebut any growing presumption that they have actually dedicated, or have acquiesced in the use of, a path through the property.

Some months ago we referred to the decision of Mr. Justice Parker in the case of *re Hadley*, and drew attention to the curious conflict of judicial opinion as to whether the estate duty on property appointed by will, in exercise of a general power of appointment, was payable by the recipient or out of the residue. In seven separate cases, four judges had said that the recipient must pay, and three had decided that the duty was payable by the executor out of the testator's personal estate. The Court of Appeal have now declared the latter view to be the correct one, and reversed the decision discussed in our former note.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In consequence of the article and correspondence which appeared in your September numbers with reference to the White Horse cut in the chalk of the Berkshire Downs above Uffington, the Earl of Craven has requested me to put you in possession of the following facts: Lord Craven holds an old plan of the White Horse, and from time to time, and as occasion may require, this ancient monument is properly scoured and carefully preserved in its original shape. Owing to the recent wet weather the grass round the White Horse had grown unusually long, and the monument was in consequence not easily seen from a distance. A few weeks ago the scouring was properly carried out, and the White Horse is now as distinct as ever it was. I shall be glad if you will publish this letter, as the article and letters referred to above might lead those who do not know better to suppose that this ancient monument was, through neglect, gradually disappearing, whereas nothing could be further from the fact.—BERKSFORD R. HEATON.

TAME FERRET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your paper for November 7th that one of your numerous readers wants to know if anyone else ever had a tame ferret. It may interest him to hear I had one which was quite as tame and amusing as the one he describes. Mine knew no danger or fear, and for six or seven months was never shut up, but had the full run of the house. It was perfectly clean and certainly did not smell. I had eventually to shut it up in a hutch owing to the servants being so frightened of it. I reared mine on milk given in a teaspoon; its mother died when it was two days old. I had my ferret between six and seven years, and no kitten was ever half so amusing or so graceful, and it never attempted to bite.—F. PITT.

FRESH ARAB BLOOD FOR THE TURF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write as one not learned in such matters, but, is it not a fact that some strains of blood in race-horses are marked by a tendency to madness, the result of too close in-breeding? Would it not be a good thing to introduce fresh Arab blood, possibly filtering it through two or three generations of English-bred horses before the offspring made their first appearance on the race-course.—INQUIRER.

ODD EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In regard to the letter in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I write to say I have a white Persian cat with odd-coloured eyes—pale blue and yellow; he is quite deaf, but is the most gentle and affectionate creature.—S. J. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 7th inst., I read that "F. W. H." says that she came across a white Persian cat with odd-coloured eyes and expresses surprise. It is not uncommon; we have a cat here at our lodge-house in the park with odd-coloured eyes, and I know a Scotch artist who has odd-

coloured eyes. An old friend of mine who was the American Consul at Bristol for some years has a lovely, heavenly blue eye and a languishing brown one. They lend a curious charm and variety to his expression.—IRENE OSGOOD.

WANTED—AN OWL!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If any of your readers who keep owls—and I know there are several—happen to have a male brown or tawny owl (*Syrnium aluco*) which they would care to dispose of, I shall be greatly obliged if they will communicate with me. I have a hen bird which laid two eggs last spring, and I am anxious to get a mate for her this winter. If any reader has such a bird, but does not want to part with it, I should be very glad to keep it for him from now until the breeding season is over. I have a large house and open run for these birds, and I can safely say that the bird would be well looked after. I do not care to get a bird through an advertisement, because of the impossibility of knowing the sex, a matter which no respectable dealer will undertake to guarantee.—NUGENT CHAPLIN.

TERRA-COTTA POTS AND AN ENGLISH WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. H. B." may find my experience of terra-cotta pots of some use to him. About six years ago I brought from Italy two very large pots made to my order. These have stood out all the year round in my Cornish garden without injury, although on several occasions we have experienced severe frosts which have largely damaged some glazed plaques of modern Della Robbia ware. The pots are of natural terra-cotta, not treated in any way.—ATHELSTAN RILEY.

PLAGUES IN THE HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What can I do to expel rats from the walls of my house? I do not want to use any of the new-fashioned poisons, the idea of which is most distasteful to me; morally, as to get rid of any animal by making it distribute disease is horrible, and physically, in case they die in the walls or under the floor in consequence. I have numerous dogs, but they are toys and valuable prize-winners, and not such as to tackle rats. My cat is excellent and does his best, but cannot follow them into the walls. Traps sometimes catch them and often do not. This is an old house, Jacobean as to front and sides, and any age as to its old stone foundations. I found no rats when I came here three years ago, but plenty of rat-holes in the stables. As I do not use these for horses, and no food is in them, very few rats came; and for an old house it was singularly free of them, but had been unoccupied for nearly two years before I took it. I was advised by an old carpenter never to stop up the old rat-holes, as you could put traps at them with more success, whereas, if you stopped them up they would make fresh ones every night, and you did not know where. The town is close to me and full of old houses; stables near swarm with rats, so that they can walk up the lane and let themselves in from outside at any time without a

latchkey. At first we had mice, but they have now gone, and I fear the greater noises made are caused by rats, which generally cause a scare in the mice community. Many of the rooms are panelled, and in these they scamper round inside, but so far have made no holes and do not come out into the rooms or hall; but I live in fear of their doing so, and cannot tear up all the floors and pull down all the panelling! I will not put down poison, as I fear for the poultry (prize birds) and the dogs. Is there any way of fumigating between the walls or flooring without fear of fire?—N.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My house, in a particularly sunny and warm situation, is usually infested with flies during the summer and autumn months. But this year, though the fly population does not appear to have fallen off elsewhere, few rooms have had at the most more than half-a-dozen of these unwelcome visitants. I believe this is due to the fact that the greater part of the house was fumigated with formalin tablets to remove infection caused by an outbreak of measles in the household last May. At any rate, the only room in which there is a large number of flies is one that was not so fumigated. It is, of course, far from clear how the formalin fumigation could have prevented more flies from coming in from outside, where they swarm on old ivy-clad walls. It would be interesting to hear if any of your correspondents have had a similar experience.—F. H.

A FORMIDABLE INSECT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is a life-size representation of an insect which makes its appearance occasionally in this vicinity. It is called a tree-mole from its habit of burrowing in palm trees, and lives on insects. It is a



desperate fighter, and I have seen it matched against large spiders of the tarantula species with fatal results to the latter. A scorpion, however, proved more than its match. The above specimens were alive when the photograph was taken.—J. J. B. FARLEY (Captain, 2nd North Stafford Regiment), the Punjab.

MULLED ALE

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Chaplin in your issue of October 24th for a recipe for "Mulled Ale," the following is given in "Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery," published several years ago: "To Mull Ale.—Put half a pint of ale, a clove, a little whole ginger, a piece of butter the size of a small marble, and a teaspoonful of sugar into a saucepan, and bring it to boiling point. Beat two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold ale, and pour the boiling ale into them, and then into a large jug. Pass the whole from one jug into another for some minutes, and at a good height. Return it to the saucepan and heat it again, but do not allow it to boil. Time, a quarter of an hour. Probable cost, 6d. Sufficient for one person." I have not tried it, but it reads like a comforting potation for a cold winter's evening.—R. S. W.

THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I observe that in your footnote to a letter from M. Fleming Hamilton, in your issue of October 24th, concerning the above species, you say that all those which appear in England are probably from the Continent. With due respect, I submit that it is not quite correct to suppose that all are foreigners, although, doubtless, vast numbers are. The larvæ of this beautiful moth may often be found if searched for not very far from where it is seen. I have taken them in Devonshire when, being nearly full fed, they become fairly conspicuous and easily detected on the Bedstraw by the roadside hedges of that county.—M. L. BRIDGER, Bournemouth.



LIGHTNING AND AN OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing you a photograph of an oak tree on the estate of Captain von Wertheimstein at Csételek in Hungary. The tree was struck some years ago by lightning. The fissure in the stem was used as a hearth by shepherds, but, notwithstanding this, the tree has leaves and acorns.—M.

HOUSE-MARTINS IN NOVEMBER

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week, on November 2nd, I watched two house-martins flying about on the Lees at Folkestone. Is not this very unusual? I saw them passing and repassing for quite half-an-hour, and watched them perching on a verandah, so am quite certain they were house-martins.—H. J. R.

[It is unusual, but not a very exceptional occurrence. Stray members of the swallow tribe are occasionally seen quite late in the winter, especially on the coast, having, presumably, somehow been diverted from their course in migrating.—ED.]

PLAGUE OF OWLS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged to any reader of COUNTRY LIFE who can tell me the best means of getting rid of a colony of owls which has come to my garden recently. The owls destroy the little birds which frequent my garden in large numbers. The garden is just on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Is it not unusual to find owls so near a town?—G. L. R. I.

[It is not difficult to kill owls, but it is strongly to be deprecated. If the owls eat some small birds, they eat an immensely larger number of rats and mice. Our advice is to leave them alone, for they are doing you good service. Their presence in towns is not unusual. There are a good many brown owls in London.—ED.]

ANCIENT BRIDGE DOOMED.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This old wooden bridge over the Welland at Fosdyke, Lincolnshire, is doomed. It has stood the stress and strain of nearly a century—it was erected in the three years commencing 1812 at a cost of nearly £25,000—and the Holland County Council have just decided on the construction of a new iron bridge. The present bridge was built by a proprietary company



and let to the highest bidder, who recouped himself by tolls. Before the railways were made in Lincolnshire and Norfolk it formed a valuable connection, and was greatly used by the drovers with their large herds of cattle going from the North of England to the East Anglian markets. In 1870 an Act was passed by which the bridge and its custody was transferred to the Holland County Council. Large sums have been spent in repairs, and now it has been resolved to replace the structure by a new iron bridge.—J.